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THE LARGER FAITH



JUDGE JAMES W. COULTER

THE LARGER FAITH

A NOVEL

BY

JAMES W. COULTER

Second Edition

PUBLISHED BY H. S. WINANS
DENVER, COLO.

PS
1449
L5
L3
1598

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Printing and Binding by
Publishers' Press Room and Bindery Co.
Denver, Colo.

TO MY WIFE

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THE LARGER FAITH.

CHAPTER I.

DICK.

Toward the close of a clear day in the latter part of September, 1890, a horseman was traveling along a trail in the foothills of northern New Mexico. Both rider and horse were travel-stained and looked jaded. The sun was still shining on the hilltops, but the trail was in the deep shadow of the mountains, and the rider gazed anxiously over as much of the surrounding country as was in sight. The view, however, was limited. The road seemed to be in a large, bowl-shaped depression surrounded by mountains.

The traveler was apparently about twenty-six or twenty-seven years old, of medium height, with light hair, blue eyes, a blond mustache and a beard of one or two weeks' growth of the same color. It was plain to be seen he was not of that country. The way he sat his horse, his clothes, his hat, his gloves, the way

he looked at the surrounding landscape—all proclaimed him a “tenderfoot.”

He had started that morning to ride across the country to the little town and railroad station of Tres Piedras. It was fifty miles by the road, but he had been told that he could save ten miles by following a trail to which he was directed.

He could only guess how far it was to his destination. It seemed to him that he had already traveled full forty miles, but being unused to riding horseback, and the country traversed being strange to him, he was uncertain on this point. Besides, he was not sure that he had kept the right trail.

Despite his weariness and anxiety the young man could not help being impressed with the awe-inspiring grandeur of the natural scenery through which he was passing. For the time he ceased to think of himself and journey as he gazed in admiration at the mountain in the west, the sharp outline which it presented against the fast-receding light making a clear-cut silhouette.

While his attention was thus withdrawn the horse shied, sprung suddenly to one side, and the rider, taken wholly by surprise, fell violently to the ground. With a snort the frightened horse galloped off up the trail, and the rider, as he raised himself, caught sight of some animal making off through the underbrush and small trees which skirted the trail.

The young man had no sooner got to his feet than he sunk to the ground with a groan. In the fall he had so badly injured his right ankle that he could not touch his foot to the earth without the greatest pain.

For a few minutes his suffering excluded thoughts of all other things; then he cursed the horse which had thrown him, the animal that scared the horse, and the ill luck that had brought him into that country and subjected him to such an accident.

After a little time the gravity of his situation suddenly presented itself to his mind. Night was coming on rapidly, as it does in the mountains, and there was in the air the icy chill which at that altitude comes with the first shades of evening. Alone and disabled in a strange country, with no protection from the increasing cold save the clothes he wore, prevented by his injury from keeping warm by exercise, he shuddered at the thought that his earthly career was very near its end. It seemed to him horrible that he should die that way.

There had been a time in the young man's life when, under similar circumstances, he would have appealed to a higher power for help, but he repressed the thought of doing so, partly as being a weakness and partly because he felt he was not in a position to claim anything at the hands of Providence. He was wondering whether he could possibly get together some fuel and make a fire to keep from freezing, when

through the twilight he saw some one approaching along the trail up which the horse had run.

In the gathering darkness but little more could be seen of the approaching figure than that it was that of a tall man wearing a broad-brimmed slouch hat. As he drew near, the young man, with the help of a stick, managed to rise.

"Good evening," he said, eagerly, feeling tremendously relieved at the prospect of human aid.

"Good evening, sir," replied the stranger, in a voice which had about it that indefinable quality which always denotes culture.

"I was thrown from my horse a little while ago and I've got a badly hurt ankle," said the young man.

"I caught your horse," replied the stranger, "and thought the rider wasn't far away, as the saddle was still warm."

"I was riding carelessly—wasn't paying any attention to the horse, and he shied at some animal and jumped clear from under me," said the young man.

"Well," said the stranger, "the first thing to do is to get you to my place. It's about a mile from here. Do you think you can walk, with my help and a stick?"

"I don't believe I can," replied the young man. "I can't bear a pound on this ankle."

"Then I'll bring your horse—or, better still, I'll bring one of my burros," said the stranger. "He'll be

easier for you to get on and off. I'll be back as soon as possible," saying which he departed in the direction from which he had come.

When the stranger had gone, the pain which the young man's injury caused him, together with the sudden relaxation from the mental strain caused by his fear, brought on a violent nervous chill. He shook so that the added pain in his injured leg made him groan again, and his teeth rattled. From time to time he broke into profanity of an aimless kind.

Growing calmer, he reflected upon the very narrow margin, in time, which may separate strength and happiness on the one side from helplessness and extreme misery on the other. He began to wonder if some accident had befallen his rescuer to prevent his return. Listening intently, he could not hear a sound of any kind. The stillness was oppressive; it was a silence that could be felt.

In his impatience it seemed to him the stranger had been gone fully two hours, when at last he returned, followed by one of those patient little animals, the burden bearers of the Rocky mountains. Having turned the burro around and stopped it close beside where the young man sat, he said, cheerily: "Did I seem to be a good while coming?" And without heeding the young man's admission that the time had seemed long, he added: "Let me help you

up. Now, just swing your wounded leg over his back and we'll soon have you in a better place."

The young man hesitated. "Are you sure he's safe without halter or bridle?" he asked. "I don't want to get this ankle hurt any more."

"Perfectly," answered the stranger. "You can depend on having no further accident on his account. Eh, Dick?"

It was no trouble to mount. The burro was so small that when mounted the young man's feet almost touched the ground. The stranger started along the trail and the burro followed like a dog, watching every motion of his master. In descending to the crossing of a little stream the stranger said, "Steady, Dick!" and the burro, seeming to understand, moved slowly and with the utmost care. Proceeding in this way they arrived in time at the door of a log cabin, where the stranger helped the young man to dismount and enter the house, and seated him in an arm-chair near a cook stove in which a fire was burning. Striking a match, he lighted a lamp and then turned to the young man, saying: "Now, let's take a look at that leg."

An inspection of the injured ankle showed it to be badly swollen. The young man noticed that in examining it the stranger's touch was as firm and gentle as that of any surgeon. After passing his hands caressingly over the swollen part of the leg, he grasped

the end of the foot and moved it slowly, first up and down, then from side to side.

"There are no bones broken," he said, "but the tendons and muscles have been badly wrenched. A hot-water bath is the best thing for it."

A steaming tea-kettle was on the stove. Emptying this into a clean wooden bucket of the kind used in packing fine-cut tobacco, the stranger added some cold water and then caused the young man to immerse his foot and ankle in it. He then placed on the stove a small pan of milk, which, when heated, he poured into a glass and handed to the young man, saying: "Sip this as hot as you can stand it. It will get away with that chill."

While the young man bathed his ankle and sipped the hot milk his host got from an adjoining room some muslin which he tore into strips. These pieces he sewed together until he had one strip two or three yards in length which he formed into a compact roll.

At this time a scraping noise was heard at the door, which, being opened, disclosed the head of the burro with ears set forward and an expectant look on his face.

"Hello, Dick!" said the stranger. "Waiting for something?"

And getting some bread crusts from the cupboard he fed them to the burro, patting his neck and saying: "Good boy, Dick."

CHAPTER II.

YOUNG.

When the sprained ankle had been bathed in hot water for a time, the stranger, having first applied some liniment, proceeded to bandage it tightly with the strip of muslin; then slitting the young man's sock from the top, he drew it gently on, got an old cloth slipper which he put on the foot, and said: "How does it feel now?"

"Much better, thank you," said the young man.

But few words had passed between them up to this time, the attention of the one being taken up by his hurt, and that of the other in trying to render assistance. The stranger had not yet taken off his hat. He now took it off and hung it up, saying, "I think we'd better have something to eat. It's nearly eight o'clock," glancing at a clock which ticked on the wall.

As the young man nursed his injured ankle and thought of spending the night on the mountainside, he shuddered and said:

"You've done me a great service, Mr.——"

"Young," replied the stranger, answering the young man's implied interrogatory. "I'm glad to have been able to be of help to you. You are a stranger here?"

"Yes," replied the other. "My name is Darrell. I live in Ohio, and am here for a few weeks on business. I started to ride across the country to Tres Piedras, and was directed to take a trail for a short cut."

"The trails through here are a little hard to follow, for persons unaccustomed to them," said Young.

"How far is this from Tres Piedras?" asked Darrell.

"About twenty miles," answered Young.

A look of annoyance crossed Darrell's face, which Young noticed. "If you want a physician," said he, "the nearest one is thirty miles down the railroad from Tres Piedras. I could get him here by about noon to-morrow. I think, though, that all your ankle needs is time to get well."

"I don't think I need a doctor," said Darrell, "but I'm quartered here on you against my will, and making you trouble."

"Be easy on that score," answered Young. "You'll be no trouble to me, and I think with time and patience your leg will be ready for use again."

So saying, he took off the jumper he had been wearing, washed his hands and set about preparing supper.

For the first time Darrell had an opportunity to observe his new-made acquaintance. In person he was tall and well-made, though somewhat slender. His gray eyes were set wide apart and overhung by a full, high forehead. The nose was straight, but a trifle too long and a shade too large at the lower end for a Grecian model. The jaws inclined to be square, and the chin, extending forward, though not obtrusively prominent, had a well-defined indentation up and down the center. Except for a heavy, untrained brown mustache which hid the mouth, the face was clean shaven, or had been within three or four days. The face was tanned brown, except the forehead, which, by comparison, seemed unusually white. A full growth of dark brown hair completed the picture. In age he might have been anywhere from thirty-five to forty. The expression of the face was calm, though some little lines about it give Darrell the impression that it was the face of a man who had suffered.

Darrell prided himself on being something of a physiognomist and reader of character. He had first been struck with the peculiar character of Young's voice. While not especially low or subdued, it was a quiet, musical, cultured voice. He now noted that Young, in moving about preparing the meal, had a certain precision of movement and sureness of touch, and before supper was ready he felt a degree of inter-

est in his companion which was entirely unconnected with the service being rendered to himself.

"That's a strong character," he said to himself, "and a refined one. I wonder how the devil he comes to be living in this God-forsaken region."

Supper being ready, Young set the table directly in front of the chair where Darrell sat, so that he could eat without moving. The meal was plain, but everything was well cooked and palatable. During the meal Young was quietly attentive to the wants of his guest, and Darrell noticed that he handled his knife and fork as people do in civilized communities.

When the meal was ended, Young cleared the table, washed the dishes and tidied up the room with the same quiet celerity of movement which Darrell had before observed. Then going to the door he sounded a long, shrill blast on a dog-whistle. In two or three minutes a dog of the collie shepherd variety bounded into the room, expressed his fondness for Young, and then suddenly stopped and looked inquiringly, first at Darrell, then at his master. "A friend of mine, George," said Young. The dog wagged his tail and looked knowingly at Darrell. "Here's your supper," said Young, setting down a generous plateful of scraps from the supper table. After eating, the dog laid his head on Young's knee and gazed up at him. "Have enough supper?" inquired Young, as he stroked the dog's head. For reply, George wagged his tail.

"You talk to your animals as if they understood you," remarked Darrell.

"A habit I've got into from being alone with them," replied Young. "They expect it from me. Besides, they do understand much more than they get credit for."

The latter statement seemed to be verified, in the case of the dog, at least; for when a few minutes later Young said in his ordinary tone, "Now you may go back to the sheep, George," the dog at once went to the door, and on being let out trotted off contentedly, waving a good-night with his tail as he vanished in the darkness.

"Do you live alone here, Mr. Young?" asked Darrell.

"Yes, except for such company as you have seen," replied Young.

"How far off are your nearest neighbors?"

"There's one ranchman, a German, about six miles up the creek; there are no others much nearer than Tres Piedras," replied Young.

"I should think it would be lonesome," remarked Darrell.

"I don't find it so," said Young. "I have work to do, and enjoy reading. Then," he added, with a slight smile in his eyes, "I try to keep on good terms with myself. A good deal depends on that."

Darrell glanced about the room and saw no signs

of any reading matter, save some newspapers spread out on shelves. However, he made no comment on this, but inquired: "Are you from the east?"

"New York is my native state," answered Young. Then, after a slight pause, he added:

"Perhaps you are tired after your day's ride and would like to retire. Whenever you wish, I will show you where you are to sleep."

Darrell expressing a desire to go at once, Young handed him a cane, and, supporting him on the right side, conducted him into an adjoining room. This room was the same size as the one they had left, being about sixteen feet in length by twelve in width. The floor was almost covered with fur rugs made of wolf and coyote skins. There were two beds, and the covers of the one to which Darrell was conducted were neatly turned down.

"You may find the covers a little heavy at first, but you'll need them before morning," said Young. "If you want anything in the night, don't hesitate to call me."

Darrell fell asleep thanking his stars that he was there instead of spending the night on the mountain-side, and wondering who his host could be and what led him to live alone in that out-of-the-way place.

CHAPTER III.

BOB THOMPSON.

Darrell slept soundly, and when he awoke the next morning Young had already risen and was gone. While he was putting on his clothes, Young appeared with a pair of roughly made crutches and saluted him with: "How are you this morning?"

"First-rate, thank you, except that I can't bear any weight on this ankle," answered Darrell.

"Well, we can't expect that for a few days," said Young. "How are these for length?"

The crutches being a little too long, Young soon remedied the defect by cutting off the ends and then said: "Breakfast is ready whenever you are."

Having declined an offer of hot water, Darrell washed his hands and face at a home-made wash-stand, noticing that while everything was rough the soap was of good quality and the towel large and clean.

After breakfast, during which some desultory conversation had taken place, Young said, "I shall have to leave you for a part of the day, and I may not return till toward evening. You'll find a cold

lunch in the cupboard here, and if you feel like cooking something or making coffee, the materials are there. If you care to read, you may be able to find something in here that will interest you," saying which Young opened a door leading to a room which Darrell had not yet entered.

This room was about twenty feet square and was constructed of logs; it was, in fact, a separate log cabin built against the main house, thus forming an L. There was no ceiling, this room, like the rest of the house, being covered by a substantial shingle roof laid on heavy rafters. As Darrell entered, he saw at the end opposite the door a large open fireplace in which a fire was burning, and at the side of which was a large pile of wood. The floor, excepting that part near the fire, was covered with coarse matting, over which were distributed a number of rugs like those in the bedroom, with the addition of two mountain-lion skins, dressed with the heads on.

At one side of the room, not far from the fireplace, stood a flat-topped writing desk; next to this was a bookcase, or rather a set of shelves, containing about two hundred books, nearly all in cheap bindings. On the opposite side was a couch completely covered with gray woolen blankets, under which at one end had been placed some sort of a pillow, forming a head rest. Near the center of the room stood a square table, evidently of home manufacture—as was all the rest of

the furniture, save the writing desk and the chairs, including one big easy chair. Notwithstanding the entire lack of ornamentation, the room looked comfortable and inviting.

"This is where I loaf, when I have time," said Young, as Darrell surveyed the room.

Approaching the table, Darrell was surprised, almost startled, to see, besides a few well-worn volumes, several late copies of the standard magazines and a number of newspapers, including the last number of the New York Sunday Sun. His face expressing something of the astonishment he felt, he glanced at Young, who smiled and said simply, "Make yourself as comfortable as you can till I return," and with a nod left the house.

"Well!" said Darrell to himself, "there are some items of interest in the wilds of New Mexico besides the climate and the mountains."

Mechanically picking up and opening a book, his eye fell on this passage, which was marked:

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

Turning over the leaves, he saw that many passages were marked, and yet his mind returned to the first one he had seen, as being possibly the key to the char-

acter of his host, in whom he began to feel an unusual degree of interest.

Glancing through a window, he saw a range of mountains glistening in the morning sunlight, which suggested to him to go out and take a look at his surroundings and breathe the fresh mountain air. As he passed out of the door Young was just starting away on a gray racker, and he stood looking after man and horse until a turn in the road hid them from view and the clicking pit-a-pat-a, pit-a-pat-a of the horse's hoofs died out in the distance.

Looking around him, he saw that the cabin was situated on a knoll in a valley which seemed to be shut in on all sides by mountains. About the house was a natural grove of large pine trees. At a little distance were some corrals, stables and other outbuildings. A little farther off were two or three fields inclosed by wire fences. But for these few things which men are pleased to term improvements, the country as far as the eye could reach seemed to be in a state of primeval grandeur. As he gazed at the mountains, some of which seemed to be very near, but were really three or four miles distant, he was impressed with a sense of magnitude, and he wondered whether such surroundings were not calculated to enlarge and elevate the minds of those living within their influence. There is a massive greatness, a solemn grandeur in the sight of mountains with their peaks clothed in per-

petual snow which to the dullest mind is suggestive of infinity.

Darrell's musings were cut short by the arrival of a man riding an undersized, bony-looking horse. The man was roughly dressed, wore a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat and a pair of the high-heeled boots which had been in vogue twenty-five or thirty years before. There was a coil of rope attached to the pommel of the saddle. Dismounting, the rider threw the bridle-rein over the horse's head, walked toward Darrell with a peculiar, mincing gait, and saluted him with: "Morning."

"Good morning," replied Darrell.

"Young about?" inquired the stranger.

"No," answered Darrell, "he went away a little while ago."

"Say when he'd be back?"

"He seemed uncertain, and said he might not return till afternoon."

"I'm down on my luck," said the stranger. "You a friend of Young's?"

"Only since last night. I had a fall from a horse, hurt my leg so I couldn't walk, and Mr. Young brought me here. I suppose I'll have to stay here a few days."

"You might've found lots worse places to stay at," remarked the stranger.

"Yes, I've already found that out," assented Darrell.

"Well," said the stranger, "I want to get something to eat and feed my horse before I go back, anyway; so I'll put him in the stable and wait awhile."

When he returned, the two proceeded to the house. The stranger seemed very much at home. As they entered the sitting room, or the room where Young said he did his loafing, the stranger remarked: "Young's got about the nicest layout in this part o' the country."

"Yes," said Darrell, "I was surprised at some things here. Who is this Mr. Young?"

"He's just Bill Young, and I reckon about as square a boy as was ever wrapped in the same amount of hide," replied the stranger.

"How long has he lived here?"

"Goin' on four years."

"Do you know where he is from or what business he was in before he came here?" asked Darrell.

"No, nor nobody else 'round here knows, and we don't care. You see, it ain't exactly the fashion about here to ask a man many questions about himself. What he wants to tell about himself, he tells, and what he don't want to tell, he keeps. Anyhow, people here don't bank much on what a man was before he come; it's what he is here that counts." After a short pause

he added, as if he thought his preceding statement demanded it:

"My name's Thompson, Bob Thompson—I guess it was Robert once, but nobody'd know who you meant if you spoke of Robert Thompson 'round here. I'm punchin' cows for the H. O. outfit about forty miles below here, and I took a day off to come and see Young. I ain't seen him since the round-up last spring."

"My name," replied his companion, "is John Darrell; I live in Ohio and am here for a short time on business."

"I seen you wasn't a western man," said Thompson.

"No, I'm what you call a tenderfoot."

"Well, there's tenderfeet and tenderfeet. We all thought Young was a tenderfoot when he come here, but after the first round-up he was with us nobody ever called him a tenderfoot no more."

"He took to your ways pretty readily, did he?"

"No, he didn't take any to our ways; he just kept on his own way; only none of us had knowed him."

Being urged to tell how they got to know him, Thompson said:

"This was how we come to take a tumble to ourselves: From the time we started on the round-up there was bad blood between Bill Doolin, foreman of the T. R. ranch, and Jack McGonigle, that was workin' for the English outfit out west of the T. R. I never

knowed what was between 'em, but we was lookin' for trouble—for Jack's a stayer, and Bill had several notches on his gun and could get it out and shoot in about two seconds less time than it takes some people to wink. Young rode with Bill some, and when we'd been out three or four days Bill says to me: 'That's about as decent a tenderfoot as I've run up against for some time. He looks to me like a good one 'nd a stayer, but he don't carry no gun.' Well, one evening when we'd been out five or six days, we'd just got to camp when the trouble broke out. I was standin' right near Bill and Jack was walkin' away about twenty feet, when Bill said something to him. Jack turned 'round 'nd a few words passed between 'em and both men reached for their guns. I was just goin' to get out of range when I seen Young comin' up to Bill, square in front 'nd right between the two guns. He lays one hand on Bill's shoulder, takes hold of the gun with the other, and says, quiet-like and smilin': 'Let me take this, old son; I'll hand it to you later.' We all thought there'd be a dead tenderfoot right there. Bill looked at him a minute and then—I'm damned if he didn't let go that gun 'nd turn 'round 'nd walk off. I'd 've bet a year's pay against ten cents that nobody in the territory could 've made Bill Doolin give up his gun, 'specially when there was a gun-play on; but Young done it, and ever since then Bill would go through fire 'nd water for him,

'nd the boys that was lookin' on 'nd seen it wouldn't be far behind him."

"Why didn't Doolin shoot him?" asked Darrell, more for the purpose of hearing Thompson talk than because he had anything to say.

"I asked Bill that once, a good while after, 'nd he says: 'I just looked into them eyes of his 'nd I didn't want to kill nobody.'"

"I would have taken Mr. Young to be a man of some temper," suggested Darrell.

"It's there, you bet!" replied Thompson, "but he don't often show it. The only times I've ever heard of him gettin' mad was when somebody or some animal was gettin' the worst of it. He can't stand it to see anything hurt. I thought he was goin' to scrap once with a cowpuncher that was kickin' his broncho. I guess there would 've been trouble mighty quick, too, but the fellow took a look at him, like Bill Doolin did, and dropped it right there. A little while after Young says to the fellow: 'Excuse me for speakin' as I did, but I can't stand that sort of thing. It's my weak point.' The cowpuncher wasn't bad, either, for he says to Young: 'Stay with it; you're all right!'"

After some further talk about cowboys and their life, Darrell asked:

"Does Young stay with the boys when they're out for a little time?"

"You bet you he stays plenty all the time. He

don't never drink himself, though, but he takes care of any of the boys he's with if they get too much. Some of us was up at Tres Piedras one day at old Vigil's place. There was a cowpuncher from Texas in the crowd, that didn't know Young. He was spendin' his money pretty free, like the rest of the boys, and after we'd had several rounds he sees Young with the boys and says to him: 'Here, pardner, you hain't set 'em up yet.' Young walks up to the bar and says: 'What'll you have, boys?' When we'd named our drinks, which was mostly all whisky, Young says: 'I'll take a cigar, please.' 'No you don't,' says Texas, 'you'll take a drink of straight whisky.' 'Thanks, I don't care to drink,' says Young. 'But you've got to take a drink,' says Texas. 'No, he hain't got to do anything,' says Bill Doolin, breakin' in. Texas knowed Bill all right 'nd he only says: 'Why can't the tenderfoot take a drink with us?' 'He ain't no tenderfoot,' says Bill, 'nd if you want to get out of here with a whole hide you'll drop that, sudden.' Texas knowed it was either shoot or quit, 'nd didn't say nothin'. Young only smiled and says: 'I've tried both ways, boys, and I find I'm better without whisky. I doubt if it helps anybody.' Do you know, pardner, them few words done more good than a temperance sermon? I haven't taken a drink since, 'nd several of the other boys let up a good deal on their drinkin' right from that time."

Noon having arrived, Thompson remarked that it was time to get something to eat, and proceeded in the preparation of a meal as if he were the sole proprietor of the place. After dinner he washed the dishes and put everything in order. During the next two hours they talked on a variety of subjects. Darrell noticed that Thompson was not voluble or enthusiastic when speaking of himself as he had been when Young was the subject. Indeed, he was reticent and modest, withal, when asked about his personal experiences. When at three o'clock he remarked that he would have to see Young some other time, Darrell had conceived a liking for him. There was about him a straightforward sturdiness and a freedom from conventionality which gave Darrell a new idea of cow-boys.

Thompson being ready to mount his horse, the two men shook hands, Darrell saying: "I hope to meet you again, Mr. Thompson. The day has passed very pleasantly for me."

"Well, we're likely to run up against each other 'most any time. You ought to live in the west," was the answer.

Which was more complimentary to a stranger than Bob Thompson often permitted himself to be.

CHAPTER IV.

SOME WESTERN VIEWS.

Young returned about five o'clock. When he had taken the saddle and bridle off his horse he threw over him a heavy blanket, though Darrell could not see that the animal was at all heated.

"Do you turn him out to pasture that way?" asked Darrell, seeing the horse unfastened.

"He'll not go away till I take it off," answered Young. "He expects some grain after his work and will stay till he gets it."

When told of Thompson's visit Young expressed his regret at being absent, and added: "He's a diamond in the rough. You'll like him if you get acquainted with him."

"We got somewhat acquainted to-day, and I already like him," said Darrell. "By the way, he seems to have a very good opinion of you, Mr. Young."

"Bob has a great deal of loyalty in his make-up," replied Young, "and that is about as fine a quality, and about as rare, as any in human nature."

They spent the evening in the sitting room, where,

before the cheerful fire, they looked over the newspapers and magazines, occasionally conversing on some matter treated of in the periodicals. In relating some personal experiences Darrell incidentally mentioned that at the time of the occurrence he was smoking.

"Do you want a smoke now?" asked Young. "I can fit you out if you smoke a pipe."

Darrell intimating that a smoke would be especially grateful to him just then, Young produced some plain pipes with reed stems, and a box containing about a pound of tobacco.

"I didn't know you used the weed," remarked Darrell.

"I used to smoke a good deal," replied Young.

"Did you swear off?" asked Darrell.

"Oh, no; it was rather a case of wear off. I don't care much for it now. However, I'll fill a pipe and smoke with you for company."

By bedtime Darrell felt that he was beginning to get acquainted with Young. The latter was not at all cold or reserved. He talked freely and at times laughed heartily. His conversation was interesting, but to Darrell's disappointment he said nothing about himself; and Darrell couldn't help feeling there was much that he left unsaid.

At the end of ten days Darrell's ankle had so far recovered that he could begin to use it a little. Dur-

ing this time they spent every evening and sometimes part of the day in the sitting room, and had many talks on a variety of topics. Darrell noticed that whenever Young had work to do he went about it as if it were a pleasure to him, whether it were feeding his stock, repairing a fence or washing dishes. One evening about a week after Darrell's arrival, Young said to him, "You will be needing a change of underclothing by this time. I'm going to wash in the morning, and if you'll put these on I'll wash yours," at the same time laying out on a chair a set of his own underclothes of coarse woolen material.

"I don't like to have you wash my clothes for me, Mr. Young," said Darrell.

"Why?" said Young, rather abruptly and with a searching look at Darrell.

"Well," said Darrell, somewhat disconcerted by both the look and the sudden question, "I'd rather get some one else to do it."

"Why?" repeated Young, gazing steadily at him.

"Well, the fact is it seems to me you are above doing that kind of work, for somebody else, at any rate."

"Nobody is above doing any work necessary to be done," replied Young, "and nobody has any right to ask another to do for him, for pay or otherwise, anything which he is unwilling to do for himself or for another."

"Isn't that a rather unconventional view to take of it?" suggested Darrell.

"Perhaps. Did it ever occur to you that conventional-
ity in one form and another lies at the root of
most of the troubles of mankind?"

"No, I had never thought of it in that light," said Darrell.

The next day Young did his washing and ironing as he did everything else, thoroughly and quickly and as if he enjoyed that particular kind of work. As Darrell looked on, he was reminded of something he had once read about the dignity of labor, and the thought crossed his mind that it was being exemplified before him.

One day, on looking at a magazine picture of a number of men engaged at work of a very arduous kind, Darrell remarked that it was a pity man was doomed to get his living by the sweat of his brow.

"I do not think so," replied Young. "Labor is a blessing, not a curse. It is necessary to man's development, physical, intellectual and spiritual, that he should work. The race would die out, cease to exist, within a few generations, if it were not necessary for man to work in order to live."

"But ten hours a day of this kind of work is killing," said Darrell.

"That is man's fault—the fault of wrong conditions which men, organized as society, have allowed

to obtain. Overwork, like any other excess, is hurtful. If voluntary, it injures him who does it; if involuntary, it injures both him who does the work and him who causes it to be done; in either case it is an injury to society at large. By the way, you use the popular misquotation. The reading is: 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.' "

At another time the conversation turned on the subject of environment as affecting the progress and welfare of mankind. Darrell said he thought people's surroundings had a greater influence on their lives than heredity, and proceeded to state some reasons in support of his view.

"Yes," assented Young, "environment is an important factor, but every person, to a large extent, creates his own environment."

"Of course," replied Darrell, "most people can do much to better their surroundings, but a great many are so situated that they can neither improve the conditions by which they are surrounded nor get away from them. Take the poor in the large cities, for instance."

"Yes, but environment in its broad sense includes the spiritual and mental conditions by which we are surrounded, and they are of far more importance in producing happiness or misery than physical conditions."

"I don't think so at all," said Darrell. "Why, men-

tal and spiritual conditions (if there is any such thing as a spiritual condition) are the result of physical surroundings and conditions."

"I look upon that as a profound error," said Young. "Are not most of the joys and sorrows of mankind merely mental and not physical joys and sorrows—in other words, imaginary? A much greater number of people have felt pleasure from anticipation, expectation and hope than from realization; a vastly greater number have suffered more from fear of occurrences than from the occurrences themselves. It isn't what we possess, but what we hope to get, that makes us feel rich. In the great majority of cases it is not what we have to bear to-day, but what we fear we shall have to bear to-morrow, that makes us miserable. All observation disproves your theory that mental and spiritual conditions are the result of physical surroundings. You may satisfy every desire of a man's body, make every physical condition surrounding him just as he would have it, and he may still be an unhappy man. On the other hand, satisfy a man's spiritual nature and you will have at once a happy and contented man."

"There's some truth in what you say as to mental conditions," said Darrell, "but your views on the spiritual condition of man, as affecting his physical welfare and happiness, seem to me, if you'll pardon my saying it, to be what old Bill Allen of Ohio would

call 'a damned barren ideality.' I can't see what spirituality has to do with existing physical conditions, or with man's welfare in this life."

"That is the fundamental error of mankind," replied Young. "There is no life but this life, and spirituality has everything to do with it, for the very simple reason, to my mind, that the spirit or soul is the real person of which the body is a mere incident. We speak of the spiritual side of man's nature, as if the spirit were an incident to the man. The spirit or soul is the real man and controls the body and its surroundings. This, as it seems to me, is a natural fact—a fundamental law of man's nature. So long as we overlook or ignore this truth and seek for happiness in changes of physical conditions—changes of what we call environment—just so long we shall fail to find what we seek, for we are violating the law of our nature."

"But spirituality, as you would call it, doesn't thrive in poverty, squalor and dirt," said Darrell.

"That is the appearance," replied Young, "which, as in so many cases, we accept for the truth. The real truth is that poverty, squalor and dirt do not thrive with spirituality."

"Still, you will admit that these things exist as facts. Now, if they are to be changed by spirituality, how are men to be made spiritual?"

"God—or, if you please, nature—has done that,"

replied Young. "Every man is by nature a spiritual being. When we recognize this we at once perceive our true relationship to nature, to God. Light is all that mankind need."

"I suppose you'd give them this needed light by getting them to be religious," said Darrell.

"All men are by nature religious," replied Young. "The Spirit of God is in every human being. It is the very life principle in each of us. Religion is simply the intuitive knowledge of our true relationship to God—the letting this life act in the natural way."

"Do you expect to see changes brought about, then, in political and economic conditions—in the environment of the race—by the development of man's spiritual nature?" asked Darrell.

"With perfect confidence," replied Young. "It is the only hope for the human race, and I am an optimist. I believe there is a spiritual awakening among mankind generally at this time which has not been equaled since the Christian era. This is not confined to any one part of the globe. All men seem to me to be coming more and more rapidly into the light."

"And the result in your opinion will be——?"

"Universal happiness—the millennium," answered Young. "Not in a day, or a year, but ultimately. To many, that time is now here, and the number is rapidly increasing."

"I wish I could share your optimism," said Darrell.

After a pause he continued: "You said one thing which puzzles me. You speak of the Spirit of God being our life principle, and yet you said there is no life but this. Do you not believe in the immortality of the soul?"

"Most assuredly," replied Young. "My idea is that this life goes on eternally—that no person dies, but simply continues to live."

"Oh, I see," said Darrell. "In that sense I understand you."

This was the longest serious talk they had had on any subject, and Darrell felt more than ever interested to know who Young was and what he had been before coming there. He was tempted to inquire, but thought of what Bob Thompson had said, and, besides, he was not at all sure his curiosity would be satisfied if he did ask.

At the end of two weeks his ankle had so far recovered that he was able to travel. On the morning fixed for his departure, Young having left the house after breakfast, Darrell walked into the sitting room to take a last look at surroundings which he had come to like. He felt that in some respects the two weeks he had passed there had been an epoch in his life. While many things Young said had set him to thinking in new directions, he was still more impressed by the man himself. Curious as he had been to know Young's history, he felt a still greater interest in the

questions: What is to be his future? Will he waste his life here?

As he was wondering about the answers to these questions Young entered the room, saying: "I saddled your horse and rode him a few miles yesterday, thinking he might be too skittish and throw you again."

"Thank you," said Darrell. "I'll try not to get thrown again this trip, though I really don't feel that my accident has been a misfortune to me. And now, I want to reimburse you for the expense I've been to you."

Young courteously declined compensation, saying the obligation was on his part, that he had enjoyed Darrell's visit and hoped he'd come again whenever he could.

"I accept that invitation right now," said Darrell, "conditioned only upon my being able to get here." With some hesitation he added: "I don't want to be too inquisitive, Mr. Young, but do you expect to remain here permanently?"

"No, I think not—permanently," replied Young.

"It seems to me," said Darrell, "that if I had your views and—your way of stating them, I should seek a wider field."

"Possibly not, if you had all my views," replied Young, smiling; then he added, reflectively, "Still, I had thought of it. After all, the greatest success a

man can achieve is to learn to possess his own soul. I am trying to learn the lesson."

Then, after a pause, his eyes fixed on the distant mountains, he repeated, musingly:

" 'Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

" 'I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

* * * * *

" 'The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.' "

As if by mutual understanding and without another word being said the two left the room and passed out of the house to where Darrell's horse was tied. There, having secured from Young a promise to correspond, or at least to answer his letters, Darrell mounted and after a final handshake rode away, feeling that the time he had passed there was somehow the beginning of a new era in his life—that in some way he had experienced an awakening which he could not very clearly define, even to himself.

CHAPTER V.

DARRELL.

The views concerning the effect of environment which Darrell had expressed in his conversation with Young were, as most of our views are, the result of personal experience, which includes not only the sensations which have been received through the medium of the senses, but as well every mental or spiritual impression which the person has had.

We see things in perspective, and never singly. What we call good judgment and bad judgment are largely matters of vision, for judgment is the result of the combinations in which things present themselves and the viewpoint from which they are seen. If all men's visions were equal and if they saw things from the same viewpoint all men's opinions would be identical. It is only man's limited vision and the false point of view from which he sometimes sees which prevent his arriving at absolute truth on any subject. It is all a matter of vision and perspective.

John W. Darrell was the second child and only son of Thomas and Martha Darrell, his sister Mary being

three years his senior. The elder Darrell was a retail merchant in the town of B——, in Connecticut, where the family resided in a comfortable frame cottage. He was reasonably prosperous in business and had the reputation of being upright and honest, a reputation which he had fairly earned and tried to deserve. He took pride in being a just man. He did not mean to get a cent wrongfully from anybody, nor was it any part of his intention that any one should get a cent wrongfully from him. He was pious and somewhat austere in his piety. In his family morning and evening prayers were held regularly in connection with the reading of a chapter from the bible, and a meal was never eaten over which a blessing had not been asked. All the family were regular attendants at church and at the midweek prayer meeting, while the children were sent regularly to Sunday school—or rather, Sabbath school—where for many years their father was teacher of a bible class.

Mrs. Darrell was a woman of more than ordinary intellect, as well as of refinement and sensibility. She was a gentle, affectionate mother, whose whole life, like that of the children, was dominated by the will of her husband. Not that the elder Darrell was either as husband or parent tyrannical or unkind as those terms are commonly understood. He was known to all the community to be “a good provider.” He would not for a moment have allowed any member of

his family to lack any of the necessities of life as he understood them to be. As has been said, he sought to be a just man. If a man of his character could be said to have a hobby, his hobby was strict and exact justice.

Still, he was a man in whose presence children are wont to be quiet. Little John and his sister used to engage in noisy romps sometimes when only their mother was present; as soon as their father returned they were apt to think it was bedtime, and this without any urging from either parent.

From their earliest infancy there had been instilled into the minds of both children the strictest tenets of orthodoxy. One of the first books of which John had any recollection was a little paper-covered volume which his father had presented to him when he was five or six years old. On the cover was a picture of John Rogers being burned at the stake, while near him stood his wife surrounded by several children of various sizes, and holding a baby in her arms. Most of the literature of this volume was arranged in short verses and rhymes which could be easily memorized. Among the first of these in the book was a couplet over which the youthful John spent many hours of deep meditation:

"In Adam's fall
We sinned all."

It seemed so very long ago—he had heard them say it was six thousand years—since Adam ate that apple. Of course it was very wicked of Adam, since God had told him not to, but still the awful penalty attached! That most of the human race should be cast into hell-fire, there to suffer eternal torture on account of Adam doing that little thing, shocked his sense of justice and right. But with fear and trembling he tried to cast out the thought that it was unjust. His conscience upbraided him for daring to think that God could be unjust. He was such a little boy. He did not know about these things, and it was wicked for him to be questioning the right and wrong of what the bible said. Some day when he got older he would understand it all. Of course his father understood it, but he could not bring himself to ask his father or even his mother about it, for fear his father would think he was questioning God's justice. He tried to quit thinking about it till he should arrive at an age when he could understand it, but the subject would not down. In his waking hours and in his dreams he was confronted by that awful couplet and the terrific implication it contained. Of course his father and mother would be saved, but his sister Mary—Mary wasn't very religious, he was afraid, and the heat would be awfully hard on her, too, for Mary couldn't stand pain very well. For himself he had no hope; if he should die now he was doomed. He felt

in his inmost soul that he had never properly repented of Adam's sin. His only hope was that he might live until some time when he could become regenerated. He wished he could do it now, but he couldn't.

With all his doubts and fears, John strove manfully to do what was right as he understood it. At Sunday school he was taught to say: "Thou God seest me" in times of temptation, and for a long time he repeated this to himself many times each day, and tried sincerely to bear it constantly in mind as a regulation of his conduct.

When he was seven years old his mother noticed one evening that something was wrong with him. He could not eat his supper; tears came to his eyes frequently, and he could hardly talk. His mother said nothing to him until he had gone to bed, where she soon followed him. John was kneeling at his bed in an agony of grief.

"Why, John, what is the matter?" said his mother, seating herself beside him and laying her hand on his head.

"Oh, mother! I'm a thief!" wailed the boy.

"What have you stolen, my son?" asked his mother.

"An apple, 'nd I ate it," sobbed John.

"Try to quit crying," said his mother, "and tell me about it, dear."

"Me 'nd Tommy Snider—went to the creek—'nd

comin' home we—went into Deacon Hargrave's orchard 'nd—both stole an apple."

"Have you asked God to forgive you?" said his mother.

"Oh, yes! but I know he never will. I'm as bad as Adam. He never forgave Adam, 'nd He's never forgiven the people since for what Adam did. God's especially particular about apples," replied John. The child was absolutely sincere.

The utter hopelessness of his case had quieted him somewhat; he was in a state of stony despair. He knew himself to be beyond redemption; he was convinced that but one fate awaited him, and it seemed to him right and proper that the punishment should follow close on the heels of the sin.

Mrs. Darrell had placed the child on the bed with his head in her lap. Stroking the little head, she hesitated. Should she comfort the anguished spirit by saying frankly what was in her mind to say? Would she dare do or say anything which might tend to weaken the beliefs with which the child's mind had been imbued from infancy? Would not her husband strongly disapprove and even denounce any such action on her part? The mother's heart bled for the sufferings of her son, but she was in doubt how best to comfort him. For a long time she sat there wondering what was right for her to do. The question was solved for her, at least for the time. Overtaxed na-

ture had asserted itself in the reasonably healthy body of the child. John slept.

The sorrows of children are very real and very acute, but nature has wisely provided that they shall be short-lived. In the course of time John began to wonder whether after all he had done such a terrible thing; then he had a feeling of sympathy, almost one of comradeship, for Adam. In extenuation of Adam's sin he reflected that, although Adam was a grown man, still he was quite young at the time of the offense, and perhaps didn't know any better about right and wrong than a little boy of the present day. Finally a time came when the recollection of the apple affair was not painful to him, although he supposed it had left a scar on his soul. He had been taught that every sin leaves a scar on the soul.

As time progressed his general character was much the same. He wanted to do right. There was nothing vicious about him. Still there was a gradual weakening in some of the things he had believed so implicitly as a child, and a loss of interest in what he had regarded as religion. He observed this change in himself and attributed it to the general depravity of man originating in Adam's fall.

In the meantime he was making fair progress in physical growth and doing well in his studies at school. At the age of fifteen years he was a well-grown lad and had entered upon the second year of

the local high-school course. In that year two events occurred which, with the train of incidents that ensued, were destined to prove momentous in his life.

His sister Mary was already a young woman, and for a year or two had been going out in society, as it was locally termed. Her father was quite strict with her and had somewhat limited views as to the kind of gatherings to which it was proper for a young woman to go. Still, Mary managed to attend a dance now and then, and numbers of socials and parties of various kinds where young people meet. Indeed, Mary, who resembled her father in features as well as in character, was very much disposed to have her own way in matters social, and when, as sometimes happened, her opinion and her father's did not agree, it usually resulted in the elder giving way to the younger. It so happened that a few months previous to the time of which we are speaking Mary had met a young man from a neighboring town, named George Motley. He was of good parentage, fairly well-to-do, and unobjectionable to Mary's parents in all respects save one, but that one was in the eyes of Thomas Darrell a fatal objection. It was generally known and talked about that Motley had at home "The Crisis," "The Rights of Man" and "The Age of Reason," works written by Thomas Paine. It was further known that Motley had not only said these were works which young men ought to read, but that he had insisted in

an argument with the minister that the author of these works was a patriotic citizen and a much-calumniated man.

The mere thought of his daughter marrying a man with such heretical views was gall and wormwood to Thomas Darrell. Meeting Motley on the street one day in company with his daughter, he publicly ordered him never to speak to her again; then taking his daughter's arm he hurried her home. The old result followed. Within three weeks Mary and her lover had eloped, and Mary Darrell became Mrs. George Motley.

What Thomas Darrell underwent during that year none but himself knew. A few days after Mary's departure Mrs. Darrell gently suggested that they call the young folks home and forget all differences. Her husband met her with a stern refusal, saying they should never set foot in his house and he never wanted to hear the name of his daughter mentioned again. Mrs. Darrell wept and was silent. But Thomas Darrell was stricken. From the time the knowledge of what he looked upon as his great misfortune came to him, he was a changed man. His austerity was greater than before, but his confidence was gone. He sincerely believed that the life he had lived entitled him to better treatment at the hands of Providence. He turned to his bible and tried to read Job, but it was as dry chaff to him.

All his life he had been grasping at shadows and missing the substance; all his life he had been looking upon a mere outward observance of form for the thing itself which the form only represented. All his life he had been observing the letter and wholly missing the spirit of the law.

His physical health gave way rapidly and a few weeks after his daughter's disappearance from home he took to his bed. The doctors said his trouble was general collapse and lack of vitality. These terms answered as well as any other, for it was before the time when appendicitis became the name of every unknown ill that flesh is heir to.

Ten days after taking to his bed his family were gathered around him. It was never known whether he recognized his daughter. He died as he had lived, and for many years his example was cited to the little boys in the Sunday school as one worthy their emulation.

The months following his father's death were to John Darrell a time of peculiar peace and quiet, though his life up to that time could not be said to have been a turbulent one. Between him and his mother there had always existed the warmest sympathy and affection. John was his mother's boy. As those who knew the family said, Mary was her father's child, while John had "taken after" his mother. Mary and her husband were frequent visitors, Mrs. Darrell never having felt any resentment toward

either of them. John thought his sister better as a woman than she had been as a girl at home—especially in the last few years. She was gentler, more kindly, and John felt for her a greater affection than he had known before.

Mrs. Darrell and her son attended church regularly, and he kept up his attendance at Sunday school. At home, however, family prayers and the asking of blessings at meals were discontinued. Frequently in the evenings, at his mother's request, John would read aloud a chapter in the bible, usually one in the new testament. He sometimes felt guilty at the consciousness that, for him at least, the home atmosphere was improved by the absence of his father. He tried to dismiss the feeling as being unworthy and even wicked, and made no attempt to analyze or account for it, which he probably could not have done then had he tried, though the explanation was very simple. Love had superseded fear in that household.

John was now nearly seventeen years old. His father's estate was insufficient to keep him longer at school. It was necessary that he should go to work. He was casting about for something to do, when his mother received a call from a Mr. Conway, a former friend and business associate of Thomas Darrell, who, a few years before, had removed to Ohio. Before leaving, Mr. Conway offered to take John home with him, give him employment that would a little more than

pay his expenses the first year, and also afford him an opportunity to attend a good business college in the evenings. After brief consideration by John and his mother the offer was accepted, and a few days later, having taken an affectionate farewell of his mother and sister, John left home to accompany Mr. Conway to the city of C—— in Ohio.

The incidents of the journey need not be recorded, though they were highly interesting to John. Neither need we dwell upon the details of his business life. Suffice it to say he succeeded in pleasing his employers and at the time we first met him occupied the position of confidential clerk in the banking and brokerage establishment of Wirt, Conway & Co., in whose employ he had begun as errand boy.

When he first entered upon his new life after leaving home he attended the church to which his parents had belonged. After awhile he began going to other churches occasionally. He was listening to sermons now. He had heard great numbers of them in his younger days, but not many of them had caught his attention. When at the end of three years he first visited his mother he told her, in answer to her inquiry, that he usually went to church on Sundays, but did not attend any one church regularly. The truth is, for some time he had been getting restive. To him there seemed to be a hollowness and an insincerity about the sermons he heard. The more he thought

about it and compared the teachings of the different churches the more hollow and insincere it all seemed. Finally he got to the point where he said to himself: "I don't believe it!"

He conceived an aversion for churches and for what he thought was religion. He distrusted those who were reputed persons of great piety. When once in awhile he listened to a sermon he criticised the preachers as shams and hypocrites. And yet was it all a lie? Was there no truth in it? He believed his father to have been a sincere man; he was sure his mother was entirely sincere. He knew many church members whom he could not look upon as hypocrites. But how much of it all was true? How much was false? He decided to put aside the whole subject. He would not think about it or worry over it. He would dismiss all prejudice concerning it and content himself by saying, "I don't know."

At the time of meeting William Young the little boy who had so often and so devoutly repeated "Thou God seest me" had come to believe himself an agnostic.

CHAPTER VI.

WHITEFOOT.

After Darrell's departure, Young resumed the even tenor of his former solitary life. He was not lonely, or if he was he showed no signs of it. He kept himself employed either with his work or with his books and periodical literature. His work was not arduous. He had not a large amount of stock but what he had received a degree of care and attention unusual in that part of the country. He had put up shelters for his cattle and sheep, which most stockmen in that section deemed entirely unnecessary. He was what eastern people call "forehanded" with his work. Whatever needed doing he did well and did it at the time it ought to be done. When he had no special work on hand he was not an early riser. He often read till twelve or even one o'clock at night, and got up the next morning when he felt rested. In other respects his life was as regular as that of a soldier in barracks, and in the care of his person and of his house he was as precise as if he were looking for an inspector to drop in at any time.

He received a letter from Darrell six weeks after the latter's departure from the ranch, saying he had arrived safe at home without further accident and that his ankle had fully recovered and was as good as new. In closing he said: "I will write you at greater length before long. The fact is, I want you to give me your views on some matters touched upon in the talks we had, if it will not be asking too much of you." Young answered this letter, saying, among other things: "You are welcome to any views I have which you think may be of use to you. I shall be glad to hear from you at any time, and you know I have at my disposal ample time to write."

One evening in the latter part of October a visitor appeared, the first since Darrell had left. He was a boy who looked to be about seventeen years old, and he presented a sorry appearance. His clothes were old and dirty and looked as though they had not been taken off for an indefinite time. On his head was what had once been a black felt hat, now shapeless and with several holes in the crown. The soles of his shoes were almost entirely worn off, and around one foot was wrapped a piece of gunny-sack, which was held in place with baling-wire. Slung over his shoulder he carried a dirty-looking gray blanket, rolled up and tied with a piece of rope. His face was thin and hungry looking, and his eyes had in them a furtive, hunted look. He asked for something to eat in

a manner which plainly indicated that the answer would be a matter of immense importance to him. Upon receiving Young's prompt affirmative reply and an invitation to enter, his face took on an eager look, and laying his blanket down by the door-step he followed Young into the house.

"You might wash there," said Young, indicating the washstand, "while I set out something."

The boy hastily washed his hands and face, but seemed in doubt as to whether he ought to take hold of the clean towel.

"Use it," said Young, seeing his hesitation.

"Which way are you traveling?" asked Young, when the boy had finished washing.

"To Texas," replied the boy, "where my folks live."

"A little out of the ordinary lines of travel, aren't you?" suggested Young.

"I guess I am," said the boy with some confusion; "I don't know the roads through here very well."

Nothing more was said till Young told the boy to be seated at the table and help himself, which he did in a way that was at once astonishing and pitiful to Young. He attacked the victuals like a half-starved animal, which indeed he was. There was an ample amount of food on the table, and when the boy had eaten what would have been a hearty meal for two ordinary men, Young said: "My boy, I think you'd

better not eat any more now. When did you last have anything to eat?"

"Yesterday," said the boy, "and not much then."

"Well," said Young, "you'll have plenty before you leave here; but for this time let that do."

The boy quit reluctantly, but appeared relieved as he asked, "Will you feed me again in the morning, and can I sleep in your corral?"

"Yes, in the morning you may eat all you want; and I'll find you a place to sleep," answered Young.

In answer to questions the boy said his name was Joe Smith; that he had helped take a drove of cattle from Texas north through New Mexico to Colorado, and was on his way back home.

Young forbore questioning him closely, seeing that he was made uncomfortable by being asked about himself, and thinking it probable that the answers he had given were untrue. Soon the boy said: "If you'll let me, now, I'll take my blanket down to the corral and find a place to bunk; I'm pretty tired."

"You can sleep here," said Young, "but I think you'd better wash first. You've been sleeping in those clothes, haven't you?"

"Yes," said the boy; "I ain't had them off for a good while."

"Well, a warm bath will not do you any harm," said Young. Then placing on the floor a large tin pan with warm water in it he went to the bed-room

and returned with towels and a woolen night-shirt. "Put this on," he said, "when you have got yourself as clean as you can, and get into the bed that has the covers turned down, in that room. Leave your clothes on the floor here. They'll not be disturbed till you get them in the morning."

The next morning, in answer to Young's inquiry, the boy said he had never had a better night's sleep. When he was about to put on the remnants of his shoes, Young handed him a pair of his own old ones, but which looked new beside those the boy had been wearing, saying, "Try these on."

"May I have these?" asked the pleased boy.

"Yes, if you can wear them," answered Young.

"Oh, they fit like they had been made for me," replied the boy, putting on one shoe; "only they're a little long; but that won't matter."

After breakfast, which was a hearty one, the boy asked if there was any work he could do to pay for his meals and lodging, and seemed disappointed on being told there was none. Noticing that the boy limped as he walked, Young asked if he was lame.

"Yes," said the boy, "I'm a little stiff and my feet are sore. It wasn't any fun walking in them old shoes."

"You'd better rest over to-day and start in the morning, if you're not in a hurry," said Young.

"I'm not in any hurry, but you've done about enough for me," answered the boy, hesitatingly.

"That is all right," said Young; "we're here to help each other. You just do a good turn to some one else when you have a chance."

"You bet I'll do that—on your account," answered the boy with some fervor, looking gratefully at Young.

That day was one of the happiest the boy had known. Sauntering idly about the place he inspected all its appointments with that natural interest in little things which is common to boys, and which men do well to retain. The fences, the buildings and sheds, the way the doors and gates were hung and fastened—these and many other things about the place received his admiring criticism. It was the domestic animals about the place, though, that most astonished the boy. Most of them showed but little shyness toward him, and he observed that none of them, from the fowls to the two milch-cows, showed the least fear of his host. The latter, as he went about among them, patting one on the head, picking a burr from the hair of another and talking to them meanwhile, seemed to have the entire confidence of them all.

"I never seen stock so tame," said the boy. "How'd you get 'em that way?"

"Oh, it's because they like me," said Young, smiling.

Seeing a quantity of salt in a trough under an open shed, and some of the animals helping themselves to it, amazed the boy.

"I always thought they'd kill themselves drinking water if they had all the salt they wanted," he said.

"Not if they have it regularly," said Young. The boy concluded that an abundance of salt must be conducive to tameness in animals.

As he was about to start on his journey the next morning, having expressed his thanks somewhat awkwardly but with much heartiness, Young handed him a paper package containing some bread and cold meat, saying: "You may need this." Tears of gratitude stood in the boy's eyes as he said: "I'd like to know your name."

"William Young," was the reply.

"Well, good-by, Mr. Young. I'll not forget to do a favor to somebody on your account, when I have a chance," said the boy.

"Do it on your own account, as well as mine," said Young. "Good-by, Joe."

As the boy wended his way southward he thought of William Young. "I wish I hadn't told him what I did," he said to himself. "My! what if I could've got a job and stayed there! But then he said he had no work for me. Well, I'll not forget that name—nor the man either."

Until nearly noon he traveled without incident.

He judged he had walked about ten miles—though in reality he had not gone so far—when he noticed seven or eight horses approaching from the east, led by an iron-gray with a peculiar gait. He stood still and watched them, in doubt whether they meant to run him down. They seemed to have no other than friendly intentions, however. They all came close to where he stood, while the gray and a white-faced sorrel came directly up to him and began nosing about his clothes as if trying to get at the contents of his pockets.

“Well, you’re good ones,” said the boy; then, a moment later: “What’s the matter with one of you carrying me a piece?” There seemed to be nothing the matter with it; or if there was neither of the horses made it known. Untying the rope which was wrapped about his blanket and making a loop at one end of it, he cogitated. “If I take this gray, the whole bunch will follow, and I may get them off their range; if I take the sorrel he’ll come back when I turn him loose and there’ll be no harm done. I’ll try the sorrel.”

Slipping the loop into the horse’s mouth, passing the rope over his head and through the loop, he tied a knot and had a very fair bridle, though it had but one rein. The horse allowed the boy to place the blanket on him and then to mount, and proved to be easily guided with the single rein. When he had

walked the horse some distance, he struck him a light blow with the end of the rope and the horse at once broke into a free, swinging lope. "This beats walking," thought the boy. He felt such pleasure and exhilaration in riding that he never thought of his lunch till about two o'clock, when he came to a small stream of water. "I'll turn the horse loose and eat my grub here," he said to himself. Dismounting, he noticed for the first time that the horse was much heated by his fast riding. "It'll hurt him to drink while he's so warm," said the boy to himself. "I'll tie him while I eat and then turn him loose."

Alas! for the weakness of human nature. Like many another who has left the path of rectitude without any evil design and with the full intention of quickly returning, the temptation to keep on just a little further was too much for the boy. When he had eaten his lunch and watered the horse he intended to ride only to the top of a hill in sight and about two miles away; then to another hill; and then till the sun reached the top of the mountains, which would be about five o'clock, when he would, for sure, turn the horse loose. What he might finally have done can be only a matter of conjecture. While the sun was still half an hour above the mountain-tops he rode over a ridge and found himself within a few rods of two cow-boys, who were riding directly toward him.

The boy's feelings at that moment could be adequately described only by a man who has been securely tied on a railroad track with the headlight of an approaching train in sight. He knew enough about the customs of that country to understand that one caught horse-stealing was not indicted or tried in any court of justice; his body was simply found next morning hanging to a tree. He also realized fully that the distance he had ridden the horse precluded the idea of the truth being accepted as any defense to the charge of theft. He was thoroughly scared; and, to use a western phrase, "he had a right to be scared." He felt it was useless to attempt to pass them, yet he tried it. But one of the cow-boys drew rein directly across the path and, stopping him, said: "Hello, kid, where'd you get that horse?" The boy faintly murmured something about having traded for him.

"Not much!" said the man. "That's Bill Young's Whitefoot, 'nd Bill Young hasn't been tradin' with no kid like you."

"Bill Young's horse!" exclaimed the boy. In justice it must be stated that for the moment he entirely forgot his own danger in the horror of the knowledge that he had robbed the man who had shown him kindness.

Without a word the cow-boy reached out his hand

and took from the boy the rope by which he had been guiding the horse.

"No use tyin' him, is there, Bob?" said one of the men.

"Naw!" replied the one addressed as Bob; then turning to the boy: "You understand you'll get bored through if you get off that horse or try to run?" he said.

"Yes," answered the boy; and the men resumed their journey, one of them leading the stolen horse.

"What'll we do with him, Bob?" said one.

"Well, accordin' to Hoyle some of us'll have to take him to Bill Young's. He's got a right to a show," answered Bob.

"Well," replied the other, "you'd better take him up to-morrow, then; 'nd you'd best take an extra horse along to bring him back on; Young wouldn't want anything to happen 'round there."

So it was all quickly arranged. That night one of the men with a big revolver lying on the table beside him stood guard, or rather sat guard, over the boy; while the latter dreamed that a noose was around his neck with the rope thrown over the limb of a tree and in the hands of a lot of men who were about to pull him up.

Which, indeed, was not far from the fact.

CHAPTER VII.

NED LONG.

The next morning, when the boy awoke from a heavy but troubled sleep, his guard had been changed, and a man whom he had not yet seen, but who from his dress and appearance was evidently a cow-boy, was watching over him.

The boy had not taken off his clothes, and as he got up the cow-boy said to him: "Want some breakfast?"

"No," said the boy, "I'm not very hungry."

"Better wash yourself 'nd eat something; you'll feel better for it," said his guard.

The boy complied and ate a few mouthfuls, but with no great relish for the food.

"Say, kid," said the guard to him when he had done eating, "you ain't got no way of squarin' this thing when you get up to Young's, have you?"

"I suppose not," answered the boy, dejectedly.

"That's about the way I sized it up," said his guard. "Tell you what I'd do if I was in your place," he continued, lowering his voice. "If I didn't get a chance

to slip away up at Young's I'd make a show of tumblin' off the horse and startin' to run, on the way back."

"What for?" said the boy. "He'd shoot me."

"Sure thing!" answered his adviser; "but Bob's a good shot, 'nd the chances is there'd be no sufferin'. If I had to pass in my checks I'd a whole lot sooner do it that way than lookin' up a rope." With which well-meant suggestions the cow-boy relapsed into silence, feeling that he had given the boy good, fatherly advice.

In the preceding half year several valuable horses had been stolen within a radius of fifty miles; and it had for some time been understood among all the ranchmen and stockmen of that section that when they first succeeded in catching a horse-thief they would "hang his hide on the fence."

"I kind o' hate to see the kid strung up," mused the cow-boy to himself; "but it wouldn't do to let him go, leastways not open. His chances of gettin' away from Bob is just about the same as the chances of the ace winnin' five times in one deal. The house has got a big percentage in the game he's playin' right now."

His meditations were interrupted by the arrival at the door of Bob Thompson, with two horses saddled and bridled, and leading the white-faced sorrel which the boy had ridden the day before. Having placed the boy on one of the horses, Bob mounted the other,

and leading the sorrel started for Young's ranch. He declined to have the boy's feet tied in the stirrups, remarking drily that it would be time enough to tie him on in case anything should happen on the way that he couldn't sit up.

During the journey but little conversation was had; and Bob refrained from asking the boy any questions or making any reference to his situation. "They ain't no use rubbin' it in on him," reasoned Bob to himself.

They arrived at Young's place shortly before noon. Young saw them coming, and was standing in front of his place when they arrived. Seeing his horse and the boy brought there together, he guessed something of the truth before anything was said. In a moment he thought of Father Myriel and the stolen candlesticks.

"Hello, Young! how you stackin' up?" said Bob.

"First-rate; how is it with you, Bob?" replied Young, as the two shook hands. "Good morning, Joe," he added, to the boy.

"Know the kid?" asked Bob.

"Yes, somewhat," replied Young, guardedly.

"We found him ridin' Whitefoot down by the H. O. ranch yesterday 'nd gathered him in," said Bob.

With a grieved countenance Young looked at the boy, but made no remark.

"I never knowed——" began the boy, but some-

thing choked his utterance, and he sat on the horse the picture of misery, tears rolling down his cheeks.

"Well, let us put up the horses," said Young.

"You go to the house, kid, and stay there till we come," commanded Bob.

But few words passed between Young and Thompson as they cared for the horses. Young was troubled in spirit. He sincerely wished the boy had got clear out of that section of country with the horse, though he was much disappointed that the boy would steal. In answer to Bob's question as to his acquaintance with the boy, he said, evasively, that the latter had passed his place a day or two before. The fact that the horse had been stolen after the thief had been entertained by him would add, he knew, to the certainty of a conviction—if that were not already certain.

Two or three times, as Young went about preparing dinner, the boy seemed about to address him. Each time, however, he merely gulped, looked at Thompson and remained silent.

After dinner the three went into the sitting-room, where Bob deftly rolled and smoked one cigarette after another; Young, after walking up and down the room awhile, got a pipe and also began smoking; while the boy sat looking and feeling much like a mouse which a cat has played with awhile and then turned loose to see if it will run. Occasionally Bob

made a remark on some local topic, but Young seemed preoccupied and answered in monosyllables.

At length Bob remarked: "Well, I 'xpect me 'nd the kid had better be gettin' back to the H. O."

"I'll go with you," said Young, knocking the ashes from his pipe.

"Well, if you want to," said Bob. Then, with a view of saving his friend from an unpleasant scene, he added, in a low tone: "Of course, it ain't necessary for you to go. We all know who the horse belongs to."

"Yes; but I'll go along," said Young.

"All right, then," replied Bob.

The ride back was almost as silent as the one Bob and the boy had taken that morning. Young, noticing that the boy looked pale and tired, suggested that they dismount and rest a little at a stream crossing. It was the place where the boy had eaten his lunch the day before; but it seemed to him a year had passed since then.

Since the arrival of Bob and the boy, Joe, at his ranch that morning, Young had been earnestly meditating on the best course to take. He knew he had the good will and, to some extent, at least, the confidence of the cow-men. He also understood them pretty thoroughly, and knew that there are limits beyond which their most intimate friends cannot go with them. And this was a case where interference

seemed worse than useless. Young would readily have given not only the stolen horse but his other property as well to save the boy; but he felt it would be as useless to try to buy the liberty of the defendant as it was in the case of "Tennessee's Pardner."

The genus cow-boy, unmixed with and unmodified by encroaching civilization, is an odd combination of qualities. He has been best known—or worst known—by write-ups detailing his sometimes erratic conduct when off the range and off duty. It is probably true of him that at times he has drunk large quantities of very bad whisky, shot out lights at dance-halls, ridden his broncho into buildings and bet heavily at faro.

But these and similar doings of his are merely the occasional outbreaks and overflow of a life singularly exacting and devoted to duty. He is clannish; but his clannishness grows out of his loyalty to his fellows. He does many wild, boisterous, vicious things; but there are some things he does not do, and one of them is to betray a trust reposed in him by his fellows. He looks upon theft of stock from the range as one of the most serious of crimes; and he was never bribed to cast a vote of not guilty where the evidence upon a trial for that offense warranted a conviction. He will fight, at times to the death, for he is not afraid to die; and "in this readiness to die lies folded every loyalty of life." None can be more generous in his transactions

with a friend; none more relentless in dealing with a foe. He will quarrel over a ten-cent stake in a game, and will throw away a year's hard earnings in a night. Ready at all times to make any exertion or endure any hardships for one of his fellows, he will exterminate a range thief with as little compunction as he would a prairie wolf. Chivalrous to woman, regardless of all the proprieties in his intercourse with men, brave even to recklessness, with the most scrupulous regard for property rights and no regard at all for conventionalities, the right cow-boy, now almost extinct, is a subject worthy the pen of a master.

It was men of this character who would form the tribunal before which the boy was to be tried for the theft of Whitefoot.

Night had come on and a full moon was just rising above the horizon when Young and his companions arrived at the H. O. ranch. There supper was just finished; and while two of the boys took care of the horses the three late-comers sat down to eat. Save for an unusual quietness there was no indication of anything out of the daily routine taking place.

Shortly after the three had finished their meal the cow-boys began to drop away from the house in twos and threes, all taking the same direction. At the end of half an hour all had left save Young, Bob Thompson and the boy.

"I 'xpect we'd better be movin' along," remarked Bob.

Without any conversation the three started out and followed the same easterly route taken by the others.

About half a mile from the house they came to where the other men were assembled under a giant cottonwood tree standing alone in a broad, flat creek bottom. It was almost as light as day, and as the three approached the place the long shadow of the tree extended toward them as if to meet them on the way.

At least two of those present always remembered the events of that night, even to the smallest details. Young noticed that there were just seventeen persons there in all. Bill Doolin was in charge of the proceedings.

"Well, boys, you that's on the jury, take your seats," he said; and twelve of the men seated themselves on two logs which lay parallel to each other and three or four feet apart. "We're here to try you for horse-stealin'," he said to the boy. "You can set there"—indicating a chunk a few feet in front of where the jury sat—"and ask any questions or say anything for yourself you're a mind to. Have you got any objections to this here jury?"

The boy shook his head, but said nothing.

Bob Thompson and the man who was with him when the boy was caught were called, and in a few

words related the facts. They knew the horse to belong to Bill Young. When asked if he wanted to ask them any questions the boy again shook his head and was silent. Then Doolin inquired of Young if he wanted to testify; but he answered, "No."

"Is there anything you want to say?" said Doolin to the boy. "You needn't tell anything you don't want to," he added.

"No," said the boy, in a voice hardly audible, as he shook his head.

At a nod from Doolin one of the men not sitting on the jury then handed to each juror two beans, one white, the other of a dark color. Then a hat was passed, into which each man dropped one bean, and the hat was handed to Doolin, who, after looking at the contents, silently handed it around that all present might see the result of the vote. It was held for the boy to look at last, but he hardly glanced at it.

"That's all," said Doolin, nodding toward the jury. "Get the rope."

Then the boy's dream, in all its horror, came true. He was moved to a spot under an outstretched limb of the tree, and while some hands adjusted about his neck a noose which had been thrown over the limb, others tied his hands behind him.

All the events since the boy's arrival at the place of trial had occupied not more than twenty minutes;

and yet there had been a degree of decorum, a semblance of order, in the proceedings.

"Boy," said Doolin, in a voice meant to be kindly, "don't you want to pray before you swing?"

"I don't know how," muttered the boy.

"Is there anything you want to say—any word you want to send to anybody?" asked Doolin.

For more than twenty-four hours, save the short time he slept, the boy had been looking death in the face. At first he was stupefied with fear. Later he felt a terrible longing to escape. He had that day performed an amount of physical labor sufficient to tire the ordinary man. His overwrought nerves could bear no further strain. He was no longer tortured by fear. The worst had come. In the calmness of utter despair he held up his head and spoke.

"Only to Mr. Young there," he said. "I never meant to steal his horse." Then, to the others: "The rest of you fellows needn't think you're gettin' any the best of me. I ain't had no good time livin' anyhow, 'nd I've had worse things happen to me than dyin'. You can hang me, but you can't scare me any more, damn you! If I go to hell I'll be sure to meet up with you fellows before long! Good-by, Mr. Young!"

The boy's voice had risen as he proceeded until his last words to those about to hang him, just before he bade farewell to Young, were almost shouted.

The sudden transformation of the cowering, overawed lad into this defiant young animal at bay, was startling to those engaged in his execution. For a few seconds they gazed at him in wonder. Then Doolin said: "Is there any of you that would say something, or maybe put up a prayer for him?"

At this all eyes turned toward Young, who was standing a little apart from the others, the moon shining full into his pale face. For a few moments there was silence. With the boy the reaction had come quickly after his sudden outbreak, and his knees were visibly shaking.

Young gave a slight start, as if awaking from a dream. Then, in a low voice, vibrant with intense feeling, and at first more as if soliloquizing than addressing those around him, he said:

"Life is eternal. Every act, every thought, lives on and on. The present is but an echo of what was done, what was thought, in the past. Each of us is an expression of thought that existed long before we appeared in our present forms. The life of each one of us is to a large extent the result of causes with which we had nothing to do. As our lives were molded by those who lived before our time, so we who now live are molding the future. What we do will add to the welfare or to the misery—will make for the weal or woe—of those yet unborn.

"Humanity is all one. A wrong done to any per-

son is an injury to mankind. He who hates does himself the greatest possible injury. He who loves is doing for himself the highest possible good.

“Because some time in the past love was stifled, this wandering boy is here to-night to pay the penalty of his crime. Is it his crime? I think not. It is the fault—or the crime—of some one who in the past ignored the great truth that love is the supreme law.

“The time will come, my brothers, when there will be no outcasts, when the truth will be known and acted on that we are all members of one family and the children of one loving parent. We can do much to hasten the coming of that day. It is well for us and for all if we do justly and love mercy. Now is the only time when any man can do the thing that is right.

“If we take from this boy the life that we cannot give back, we shall be doing ourselves a wrong that will cause us lifelong regret and shame, a wrong that can never be righted. If we do what our better natures prompt us to do, we shall always look upon this day as a bright spot in our lives.

“Oh, men! are we fit to sit in judgment upon him, or to take his life? He is little more than a child. How many of us would be here to-night if our shortcomings at his age had not been overlooked—if our wrongs committed in later life had not been condoned? We do not know what trials he has had,

what wrongs he has suffered, what temptations he has overcome.

“ ‘What’s done we partly may compute,
But know not what’s resisted.’ ”

“For his sake, for our own sakes, for the sake of the loving God whose children we all are, let not this wrong be done!”

Young’s manner had changed. The man seemed to expand, to grow before the eyes of his hearers as he proceeded. He spoke to them with impassioned earnestness, and at the close his voice, though it had not been raised, had in it the ring of perfect confidence. The men addressed listened, at first curiously, then with bated breath. There was a short interval of silence, and then Young, turning upward a face as calm as that of the moon itself, uttered this prayer:

“Our Father, Who art ever present with us, we thank Thee day by day for all the good that is ours—for the life and health and strength which are of Thee and of which Thou art a part; for the blessed sunshine, the beautiful moonlight, the streams that flow and the life-giving air we breathe.

“We thank Thee that we live in a land of freedom, where the heavy hand of the oppressor is unknown.

“We thank Thee especially, our Father, for the intelligence which enables us to know Thee as our

common parent and to recognize each other as brothers—that teaches us that an injury to the smallest of Thy children is a wrong done to ourselves.

“For all these things, our Father, we shall thank Thee while we live. Amen.”

There was but one person present who kept his hat on during this prayer. His hands were tied.

At the conclusion of his prayer Young turned and walked slowly toward the house. For a little time the others stood looking after him. But one man had hold of the rope, and he was wholly unconscious that he was holding it. Bill Doolin had been conducting the affair up to within the last five minutes, but in that five minutes Young had completely superseded him in command, and when Young walked away the men, including Doolin, all felt that their leader was gone.

Presently Bob Thompson pulled Doolin’s sleeve, and, with a jerk of his head away from the group, walked off a few rods, followed by Doolin, where the two held a conversation in tones too low to be understood by the others. After two or three minutes one of the two, raising his voice enough to be heard, said:

“Boys!”

The rest of the cow-boys moved over to where Doolin and Thompson were talking, leaving the boy

standing alone, his hands still tied, the noose about his neck and the rope hanging over the limb.

The boy could hear only a murmur of voices until some one said in a louder tone:

"It won't do for this to get out. Every mother's son here must swear not to squeak, even to his chums."

"How about Young?" asked another.

"Huh! he's not the kind that talks," said Doolin. "Still, one of us might mention it to him."

The men returned in a body to where the boy was standing, when one of them untied the boy's hands while Doolin removed the noose from his neck, saying:

"Kid, you go and tell Bill Young you owe your neck to him, 'nd then you'd better hit the trail."

The boy did not move at once, and Doolin, handing him some money, added in a manner which had recovered all its accustomed roughness:

"Take this so's you won't need to get into no more trouble 'round here, 'nd don't you never tell nobody that you stole a horse on this range 'nd got away!"

The boy showed signs of breaking down, but Bob Thompson said to him kindly, "There, now, kid, come on," and led him toward the house.

As they passed the stables Young came out leading the horse, Whitefoot, bridled and with the boy's

blanket strapped on him. The boy tried to say something to him, but broke down sobbing.

"There, Joe," said Young, gently, "it's all right. You've had a hard time of it to-day. Now, this horse is yours. Here's a short bill of sale for him in case anybody should stop you again. His name's White-foot, but he answers to White for short. I want you to take care of him, and of yourself. You'll find an empty house with a haystack near it about five miles down the road. You'd better camp there to-night and give the horse plenty of hay. Here's some change to help you along."

"I have money," said the boy.

"The boys give him some," said Bob.

"All right, then," said Young. "Now, good-by and take care of yourself. You'll come out all right."

In strange contrast with the defiant young desperado who had dared them to hang him a short while before was the utterly collapsed boy who rode slowly away.

After watching him for a short distance Young said to Thompson:

"If you have a fresh horse that you'll let me take, I believe I'll ride home to-night."

"You can have a dozen horses if you want them," said Thompson, "but we'd like to have you stay over with us."

"Thank you, but my family will miss me," said Young, smiling.

Before he started, all the men shook hands with Young, most of them silently. Thompson said: "Never mind about bringin' that horse back; we don't need him, 'nd some of us'll be up your way before long 'nd get him."

Doolin walked a little distance by the side of Young's horse, and as the two shook hands before separating, said: "By God, Young, you done the right thing again; it won't do to get out, though, that we let the kid go."

"You all did the right thing," said Young. "My word for it, you'll not be sorry."

As for himself, Young always looked upon his lonely ride home in the moonlight that night as one of the happiest experiences of his life. He spent the next day in his usual routine, and a little after dark was in his sitting room reading when there was a timid knock at his door. On opening the door he saw standing there the boy Joe with rolled-up blanket in his hand, just as he had when he first appeared at the cabin.

"Why, Joe, I thought you were on your way to Texas," said Young. "Come in."

The boy entered with a hesitating step and an appealing look in his eyes.

"Your horse is in the stable," he said. "I couldn't

take him—from you—that way—after what I'd done."

He paused and tried to swallow a lump in his throat.

"I wanted to tell you—I never meant to take your horse—I couldn't 've done it—after what you'd done for me. I didn't mean to steal the horse from anybody—but I had no right to ride him so far, but if I'd knowed he was your horse I wouldn't 've touched him only to pet him, when he come up to me."

Young listened in silence, looking intently at the boy.

"I wish you could believe me, Mr. Young," said the boy, after a pause. "I'd rather have you believe me than—anything."

"I do believe you, Joe," said Young.

"Thank you!" said the boy, with a sigh of relief.

After a little pause Young said: "And now, if you will, I wish you'd tell me one or two things—you needn't unless you want to do so. Are your folks expecting you in Texas?"

"I meant to tell you the truth about that, too," said the boy. "I haven't got no folks in Texas. I live up in Colorado and run away from home. My real name's Ned Long—Edward's my first name, but they always call me Ned."

"Why did you run away?" asked Young.

"My stepfather whipped me and abused me every

way," answered the boy. "I run away once before and he took me back home and licked me with a quirt—worse than any horse."

Seeing Young's intent gaze fixed on him, the boy thought his statements were doubted.

"I want you to know I'm telling the truth," he said. "Look at my back."

Hastily unbuttoning his woolen shirt, he grasped the collar and pulled it down, exposing the upper part of his back. Young took one look and turned pale.

"Did your mother know this?" he asked.

"My mother's been dead two years," said the boy.

"How long has your father been dead?" asked Young.

"Since I was five years old," answered the boy.

After a few minutes Young asked: "How would you like to stay here?"

"Right along? Oh, I'd like it—if you only had work for me so you could let me stay! I'd do anything to get to stay here!" exclaimed the boy.

"Then it is settled; you will stay," said Young. The boy showing signs of being troubled again with the lump in his throat, Young added in a cheerful tone: "This will begin a new life for you, and you'd better start out by taking a hot-water bath. When you take off your clothes put them in the stove—everything you've been wearing but the shoes. I'll

give you some of mine to put on in the morning. They'll do till I get to town."

As Young was passing into the sitting room to give the boy an opportunity to wash himself he paused at the door and turning to the boy asked:

"Do you feel safe here, Ned?"

"Yes, sir, I do," answered Ned.

"Then I want you to dismiss all fear of everybody and everything—to-night—now. Let your fear go into the stove with your old clothes. Will you do this for me and for yourself?"

"I'll do anything for you," answered Ned. "I will not be afraid."

CHAPTER VIII.

DAVID WINTER.

There was a vacancy in the pastorate of the First Presbyterian church in the city of C——, the former pastor, Dr. Leighton, having resigned to accept a similar position in a larger and wealthier church of the same denomination, and which, incidentally, paid a considerably larger salary than he had been getting.

For several years Dr. Leighton had been regarded as a rising man in the Presbyterian ministry. He was an eloquent preacher and his congregation took pride in him. True, some hypercritical persons thought his pulpit manner too studied, his gestures and elocution somewhat stagy and affected, but his ability was generally conceded. One of the denominational colleges had conferred upon him the title of D. D. while he was yet a young man, which made his congregation still more proud of him. During his pastorate he had by his eloquence and zeal persuaded the congregation to erect a splendid church edifice, which, when completed, was covered by a

mortgage representing something more than half the cost of the building and the ground on which it stood—a favorite modern method of keeping church members constantly reminded that they owe something to the cause and that the Lord loveth a cheerful giver.

The church was duly dedicated to the service of God, the cushioned pews in the large auditorium being completely filled with well-dressed people. The services on this occasion were impressive and the sermon preached by the pastor was generally commented upon by the members of the congregation as one of great power.

What endeared Dr. Leighton to his people above all things else was the fact that he was strictly orthodox. What the articles of faith of his church set out, he preached; what the creed specified, he upheld and defended with all the force and skill of a trained advocate. He abhorred heterodoxy.

But he had resigned and was gone, leaving as a monument of his labors the finest church edifice in the city; also the mortgage resting upon it. Most of the members of the congregation looked upon his going as a serious loss to the church, and felt sure his place could not be entirely filled.

For some time the pulpit was filled by “supplies”—ministers who could be secured for one Sunday at a time, and a few gentlemen had been asked to come

and preach trial sermons, but as yet no call had been extended to any of them.

Finally the Rev. David Winter was invited to preach a trial sermon. It is a wonder that these trial sermons are ever followed by the employment of the man who preaches one of them. For not only is the sermon itself closely followed and dissected, but the preacher's every movement, his voice, his gestures, how he handles his handkerchief, the way his hair is combed, his manner of closing the bible—all these things and many others are closely watched, criticised and discussed.

However, the trial sermon of Rev. Mr. Winter proved acceptable to those who heard it. At any rate, the church extended to him a call to become its regular pastor, and he removed his family to the city of C—— and entered upon his pastorate a few months after his predecessor had left.

The family consisted of a wife and three children. Mrs. Winter was a woman of refinement and of tact, well fitted both by nature and education to aid her husband in the varied and often perplexing duties which a minister is called upon to perform. The eldest child, a boy sixteen years of age, in his character contradicted the prevailing opinion that all preachers' sons are bad boys. John Winter was, like his father, a gentleman. The two younger children were girls aged respectively ten and twelve years, and

they were healthy, hearty, average children. The family was well received in church and society circles, and it is only necessary to add that during their residence in the city of C—— no personal objection was ever made against any of them from the head of the family to the youngest child.

Rev. Mr. Winter was fifty years old, of medium height, slender build, and with a head and face indicating intellectuality and strength of character. While not presenting the appearance of a robust man or one of great physical strength, his kindly, bright blue eyes were indicative of health and an active spirit. He was a college-bred man, and had been preaching since he was twenty-five years of age. He was thoroughly a Christian, exemplifying in his every-day life what he preached.

Shortly after his removal to the city of C—— he became connected with the local charity organizations and continued to be an officer in them during his stay in that city.

When, as a young man, David Winter first entered the ministry he was something of a stickler for the creed of his church. He prepared and delivered many able sermons expounding the doctrines of his denomination. He took both pride and pleasure in discussing close points of dogma and in making fine distinctions. But in his twenty-five years of preaching he had learned a good deal. His belief in the es-

essential truths of Christianity had in nowise become weakened, but he no longer took either pride or pleasure in discussing or expounding hair-splitting points of mere doctrine. He had developed spiritually. He liked to dwell on God as the Eternal Father and as a kind and loving parent. He liked to preach the teachings of Jesus Christ. There was in his sermons more of love and less condemnation than before. He had seen many people, and especially young people, kept out of the church, and even professing a disbelief in religion itself, because they refused to accept doctrines some of which had now become obsolete even with the ultra orthodox. He conceived it to be his duty to draw rather than attempt to drive people to Christ. This was his state of mind when he entered upon the pastorate of the First Presbyterian church at C——.

The attendants at the church were moderately appreciative of his sermons. As has been said, a considerable portion of the congregation had a settled conviction that no preacher who might come would or could altogether fill Dr. Leighton's place. Still, most of them liked Mr. Winter's preaching, and many of them learned to love the man. There was nothing theatrical about his pulpit manner or his utterances. Both in and out of the pulpit he was modest and unassuming, and his manner and words were simple and direct. Withal he was full of energy

and ever ready to go anywhere to lend a helping hand or say a needed word.

The church debt began to make itself felt. Not only had no part of the original debt been paid, but interest had been allowed to accumulate, and one ungodly creditor had threatened to foreclose his mortgage unless the interest were kept paid up. The finance committee had a few words to say on several Sundays before the congregation was dismissed. They said them, but their words failed to bring the desired result. In the church were several persons considered wealthy, who, at the time of building the church, had subscribed and paid liberal sums and all they felt able to give, with the distinct and express understanding that they should not be called upon for any more money for that purpose. Some of the officers of the church suggested to Mr. Winter that as a stranger to the contract he go to these members and ask them for money on the church debt, at the same time explaining why they could not go themselves. Mr. Winter flatly refused. Then the church authorities asked him to preach a special sermon calculated to raise the needed money. This was not just the kind of sermon he liked best to preach or in which he appeared at his best. As a debt-raiser, one of the professional hustlers who go about raising church debts, it must be acknowledged the Rev. David Winter would probably not have proved an eminent suc-

cess. Still, he preached the asked-for sermon, and still the debt remained unpaid.

Now, it is a fact in natural history that all persons do not enjoy being continually dunned for money, even at church. Some of the attendants at this church, wearied by the importunities for money which seemed to them to form a principal feature of every service, began to remain away, which made the burden all the greater on those who stayed—or, properly speaking, on those who remained faithful. The membership of the church had not materially increased since the advent of Mr. Winter. The attendance was undoubtedly diminishing. Among the members of the church there began to spread a spirit of unrest. Like the boy who ate too much mince pie, they were out of sorts with themselves and didn't know why. A sort of dyspeptic feeling was pervading the church. The truth is, that being called upon to pay interest on a hopeless debt is not necessarily an aid to spirituality. Debt is not always conducive to spiritual growth and development.

David Winter was a close and experienced observer of human nature, especially as it manifests itself among church members. He saw with anxiety and with many misgivings the indications we have outlined. He was the spiritual leader and guide of that people and he fully realized the responsibility of his position. Was he doing his full duty to them? Might

it be that in some respect he was falling short? For weeks the problem was constantly with him. He prayed fervently for spiritual light, for greater power to do for his flock all that the Master would have him do. In his sermons he made every effort to arouse in his hearers the spirit of love and thus dispel the discontent and lassitude which he felt were stealing over the members of his church. In his experience as a minister never had he been so perplexed and so vexed in spirit; never had he labored so hard and so earnestly. For months he devoted every energy of every waking hour in the endeavor to stem the tide which he felt was rising against the welfare of his church. His difficulty was increased by the fact that his physical strength, which heretofore had been always equal to any call made upon it, began to give way under the strain. In his great anxiety to do his full duty his energetic nature had prompted him to overwork himself.

This was the state of affairs when one Thursday evening the church officers held a regular meeting at which the minister was expected to be present and preside. Mr. Winter noted with pleasure that there was an unusually full attendance; all the officers of the church being present save one whom he knew to be confined at home by illness. At last, thought he, the proper spirit was taking hold of the church. At last the discouraging and depressing conditions un-

der which he had been laboring were beginning to change.

After about an hour spent in routine business, and when Rev. Mr. Winter, thinking the meeting was about to break up, had asked those present to join him in prayer and had offered up a fervent prayer with more heartfelt thankfulness than he had been able to feel for a long time, one of the elders, after some hesitation, cleared his throat and said:

"Brother Winter, there are some things we want to talk to you about."

Mr. Winter looked interrogatively at the speaker and was silent.

"The fact is," said the elder, "we haven't felt satisfied with your preaching. Since you've been here you have only made a passing reference once or twice to our articles of faith. Now, we look on our creed as the basis of the church, and it seems to us it ought to be expounded and explained more."

"Yes," said Mr. Winter, mildly and with a rising inflection. "Was there anything else?"

"Yes, there is," replied the elder, his face becoming slightly flushed. "We think the sermons you preach are not orthodox."

"The one you preached last Sabbath," spoke up another, "on the text 'And God so loved the world' seemed to imply that all persons may be saved. Now,

that's not according to the doctrine of the Presbyterian church."

"And listening to your other sermons, Mr. Winter," said another, "one couldn't have told that they were preached by a Presbyterian minister at all."

"Listening to some of them," said a man back in a corner of the room, "I'd have thought they were preached by a Universalist or a Unitarian."

"It may be, brothers," said Mr. Winter, "that I have not devoted as much attention to doctrinal points in my sermons as you think I ought to have done. I know I don't devote so much time to them as when I was younger in the ministry. Still, I don't think I have become unorthodox."

"Didn't you say," said one who had not yet spoken, "that the lesson to be learned from the story of Jonah and the whale is that when a man has a duty to perform or is sent to do a thing, he should not turn aside, leaving the plain implication that the story itself is not a statement of fact?"

"Yes, I said that was the lesson I learned from the story of Jonah," replied Mr. Winter. "The implication is your own, but let it stand."

"Do you believe in infant baptism?" asked one of those present.

"Yes, and I have practiced it during all my ministry," replied Mr. Winter.

"Some of your sermons," said one, "seem to leave

the impression that the heathen can be saved. Do you believe that?"

"I have tried," said Mr. Winter, "to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ——"

"It isn't a question of the gospel of Jesus Christ," spoke up a deacon who on weekdays was engaged in the loan business. "This is a Presbyterian church, and the question is whether you are orthodox—whether what you preach is Presbyterian doctrine."

"I understand," said another, "that in the sermon you preached four weeks ago last Sabbath you expressed a doubt as to the miraculous conception of Christ. I didn't hear the sermon myself—I was out of the city—but one of the brothers said he so understood you."

"My brothers," replied Mr. Winter, with more feeling than he had before shown, "that is totally a mistake. I do believe in the miraculous conception of Jesus Christ. I have always believed it, and I have never uttered a word, here or elsewhere, from which any person could fairly get any such idea as you suggest."

They interrogated him as to his belief in the bible from Genesis to Revelations; they wanted to know if he believed the story of the creation, and if the days mentioned in that recital were of the same length as the present days; they asked about Adam and Eve, and whether he believed in the responsi-

bility of the entire human race for Adam's sin. They asked him if it was true that he had expressed a doubt of the correctness of the bible chronology showing the age of the earth to be six thousand years, and upon his replying that he had every reason to believe the earth's age to be more than twice six thousand years, they shook their heads, sighed deeply, and gazed at each other with countenances full of sorrow.

They asked him if he believed Joshua stopped the sun; if he believed the story of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego; whether the book of Job was to be taken as a literal statement of historic fact.

But it would perhaps be the shorter way to specify what they did not ask him. For full five hours, without having given him any intimation of their intention to question him or that there was any sort of charge against him, they kept him in the pillory. Suffice it to say many other things they did and said, the which, if they were written in a book, would disgrace the name of the church, discredit the cause of Christ, drive into infidelity every young person who should read it, keep away from the church all who think or who have any sense of fairness, and bring into contempt the very name of religion itself—if such proceedings could be imagined to have any relation to or connection with religion.

Throughout the ordeal the Rev. Mr. Winter—by a

strong effort, it must be confessed—retained command of himself, was good-tempered and answered his carping critics gently and in a kindly spirit. But the effect of it all upon him in his then state of mind and of physical health, coming upon him as it did like a clap of thunder from a clear sky, can be imagined. He slept none that night, and but little on either of the two following nights. On Sunday he looked haggard and careworn. It could be easily seen that he ought to be at home and in bed. But he preached—at least he tried to preach.

The next day Darrell met him on the street and was shocked at his appearance. They had met shortly after Mr. Winter's arrival at C—— and had conceived a liking for each other. He was the one preacher with whom Darrell had ever had more than a passing or casual acquaintance. There was something about Mr. Winter that drew the young man toward him. For the past year Darrell had been calling and spending a half-hour or an hour with the Winter family almost every week. The subject of religion was not talked of between them.

Darrell had noticed for some time that his friend was not looking as well as formerly, but he had never seen him looking so ill as to-day. Wishing not to betray too much of what was in his mind, he said as they shook hands: "You're not looking quite up to

the mark in health, Mr. Winter. Are you feeling ill?"

"Yes," replied the minister, "I've just been calling on the doctor."

"What is the trouble, if I may ask?" said Darrell.

"My greatest trouble is insomnia," said the minister. "The doctor calls it exhaustion, and says I am on the verge of nervous prostration. He also says my lungs are affected. You know," he added with a smile—and Darrell thought it was a ghastly smile—"the doctors are liable to make things appear worse than they are sometimes."

"Yes," assented Darrell, "that is true—sometimes. What does the doctor prescribe?"

"Absolute rest and quiet, in an arid climate, if possible. He advises me to go to Colorado and live in a tent for a few months," replied the minister.

Darrell at once thought of Young's ranch. "I know a good place," he said, "but it isn't in Colorado, nor exactly a tent. I don't know whether arrangements can be made for you to stay there, but if you'll let me I'll find out within a few days." He told his friend of the ranch, its situation and surroundings, but said little about Young, only that he was a bachelor, living alone, and he thought Mr. Winter would find it a good place for his purpose, if Young would receive him. Mr. Winter replied that he would be

obliged if Darrell would write to Young and if possible engage board for him for a few months.

Mr. Winter's congregation did not at all indorse what the officers of the church had done. On the contrary, as soon as the facts became known, the congregation got together, repudiated the action of the officers of the church, demanded their resignations and passed a strongly worded resolution expressing their confidence in and sympathy with the minister. But it was too late. Mr. Winter's health was broken, and besides, he knew that if he stayed—and probably whether he stayed or went—there would be a factional fight in the church. He was compelled to make his resignation peremptory, which he did. Then he prepared to get away to the west as soon as possible.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BISHOP.

The feeling that Ned Long had toward Young was one of hero worship. Not only had Young shown him kindness when he was in distress, but he felt sure that but for Young's unexpected interference he would have died an ignominious death. Then since he began living at the ranch he had learned to love Young, whose character was so simple, so unconventional and unassuming, and withal so full of goodwill toward others that he seemed without any effort on his part to inspire the hearts of all who came near him with a love for himself.

Ned Long's affection for him was dog-like in its simplicity and entire unselfishness. There was nothing Ned would not have done or tried to do for him. One with a wide and accurate knowledge of human nature has said: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Judged by this standard, the love of Ned Long could not have been greater, for at any time he would will-

ingly—nay, cheerfully—have laid down his life for William Young.

Their only point of difference arose from Ned's persistence in wanting to do all the work. Young, however, quietly but firmly insisted on a fair division of what needed doing, and that each of them should do only his share.

For the first time in his life Ned began to have a feeling of self-respect and to acquire self-confidence. When he had been at the ranch a few days, Young, having learned what advancement the boy had made in the way of acquiring an education, suggested to him the advantage of spending some time each day in study. Ned adopted the suggestion, and under Young's tuition entered upon his studies with such zeal that he made surprising progress.

Nor was the advantage all on the boy's side. Young had never before attempted to teach a young person, and after keeping it up a few weeks he could not help feeling that he was deriving from it as much benefit as he was giving Ned.

Young had insisted that his gift of Whitefoot to Ned stand as made, and had added to it a saddle and bridle. After learning by correspondence with the County court of the county in Colorado from which Ned had come that no guardian for him had ever been appointed. Young, after consultation with Ned, took him to the county seat and at Ned's request,

made in person to the County court, was duly appointed guardian of the person and property of Edward Long, minor. This was merely a matter of precaution, but it served to give Ned a feeling of perfect security.

Bob Thompson called at the ranch in December. He stared at Ned, hardly able to recognize in him the boy he had brought there two months before. However, they shook hands, and no reference was made by any of them to the occasion of their becoming acquainted; but when Young and Thompson had retired to the sitting room and the boy was out of hearing, Bob remarked: "A man that can pick up a broncho out of the herd 'nd make a thoroughbred of him inside of two months is a tol'able fair handler of live stock."

When they had talked for a time the conversation drifted to some of their mutual acquaintances, and Bob said: "Sometimes I sort of feel like a steer that's found a piece of good pasture that all the herd ain't onto."

Not catching his drift, Young waited for him to proceed.

"And sometimes," continued Bob, "it seems to me maybe I ought to——," and he paused, uncertain just how to express himself.

"You feel like doing what you can to help others?" said Young.

"Yes, that's about the size of it, only I don't seem to have much of a cinch on just how to go at it," replied Bob.

"You have been at it for some time," said Young. "There's no doubt that your influence for good has gone out and has accomplished work that you haven't dreamed of."

"Well, I hope none of the boys has been any worse on account of me, lately," said Bob.

"The right plan for all of us," replied Young, "is, I think, to do our nearest duty day by day, and to do it as well as we know how. Be patient. When the time is ripe opportunities will come to each of us to do his appointed work."

Bob's opportunity came to him sooner than he expected, and in an unlooked-for way. It happened that on the second Sunday after his talk with Young he met with eighteen or twenty cowboys and two or three ranchmen at a cattle ranch where cowmen were wont to meet occasionally for the sake of sociability and the exchange of views on matters of interest. After they had eaten dinner, the day being warm and pleasant, they had gathered in a circle outside the cabin, and were seated, some on the ground and others on benches, boxes and a few chairs, having a general talk on nothing in particular and occasionally passing a joke around. Bob was sitting on the end of an empty soap box. During a lull in the conversation

some one on the opposite side of the circle said: "Why don't you carry no gun any more, Bob?" Nearly all of those present had noticed the fact that Bob had not been carrying a gun of late, and they listened for his answer.

"Well," he replied, "the fact is I ain't got no use for a gun. I don't want to shoot nobody 'nd nobody wants to shoot me."

"Must 've got that from Bill Young, didn't you?" asked one.

"Yes," said Bob, "I don't mind sayin' I got that from Bill Young. I've got a good deal from him that's done me good."

"Bob's been havin' some long powwows with Young," said one of the cowboys.

"It's a ten-to-one bet Young didn't do him no harm," said Sam McChesney; "he's about as straight-haired as they make 'em."

This Sam McChesney was a big, burly, warm-hearted cowboy, always ready for a frolic or a fight. Ordinarily he chose the frolic, but at times a fight seemed decidedly preferable to him. One peculiarity of his was that only those well acquainted with him could tell which he had in mind, for the thought of either frolic or fight so pleased him that his face broadened into a bland smile. Still, his intimate acquaintances could detect a slight difference in the

smiles, and they regulated their conduct accordingly.

"Tell us what Young's been givin' you, Bob, that makes you lay away your gun," said one.

"If it's any religious guff, don't give it to us," said a ranchman who took pride in being known as an atheist.

"Hold on there, pardner!" said Sam McChesney, addressing the ranchman. "You'd better not get to ridin' too fast till you're sure which way the herd's headin'. Me 'nd Bob here 've punched cows together for five years. I never had no kick comin' at him, but in the last year I've seen a change in him. He's been a better cowpuncher; he's been a better fellow to be with. We used to could bet on him—most of the time, but there was times when he was like the rest of us—a little uncertain. You can bank on him now every minute of the time. I suspicioned he was gettin' it from Young, because he was gettin' more like Young all the time—and that ain't no bad way to be. I made up my mind I wanted to learn the game. I wanted to set in the first chance I got, for I believe it's a winner."

"There's where you chucked five aces the first dash out of the box, son Sam," said Bob. "The game is a winner, a sure winner, 'nd I'd like to put you all on. I've win \$500 out of it, besides feelin' better than I ever did in my life before. I don't claim to know all

about it, but I've got a cinch on some of it, and more's comin' to me all the time. Ever since I started in at it things has been comin' my way. It makes a fellow feel as if he had lots of relations 'nd they was all friendly to him 'nd he liked all of them. He don't feel no grudge against nobody, for he feels dead sure every one of the other fellows is doin' the best he knows how. He feels like treatin' his horse as well as he can. You know how Bill Young is that way. He won't see even a burro get the worst of it. He can go out on the range 'nd walk up to any horse or colt he owns—he don't need to walk to 'em; they'll come to him. Then how is he with men? How many nights has he stayed with us just to look after us like we was his own children when we was boozin' 'nd buckin' faro 'nd him not drinkin' a drop nor playin' a chip? Now, what makes a man act that way with men 'nd with horses 'nd with everything? I tell you what it is—it's love. It sounds pretty queer to some of you, maybe, a cowpuncher bein' in love with men, but it's a God's fact just the same.

“We've all been thinkin' that we was awful wicked 'nd bound to go to hell unless we put on a long face 'nd joined some church. We've been thinkin' we was all born bad, 'nd it was as natural for us to be bad as it is for a lot of Texas steers to stick up their tails 'nd stampede in a thunderstorm. It ain't so. We was born good, 'nd it's easier to be good than not to.

"I don't mean the kind of good that white-neck-tied shorthorn from Indiana was talkin' about at the revival meetin' last winter. He meant all right, but he was on the wrong trail. The medicine he was peddlin' was bad to take 'nd wouldn't do what was claimed for it.

"Tom over there says he don't want to hear nothin' about religion. But there ain't no long-faced, winter-steer business about this kind of religion. It's love. It's the same feelin' your mother had for you 'nd you had for your mother. There ain't nothin' about it to make a man feel like a coyote after a four-foot fall of snow.

"There ain't none of us but what believes in God, but we've always thought God was too far off for us to understand or know anything about. It ain't so. God is right here, in us 'nd all about us 'nd a part of us. We can't any more get away from God than we can from the air we breathe.

"It's the same with religion. It's born in us. It's part of us 'nd we can't get away from it, 'nd we wouldn't want to if we could. There ain't no mourner's bench business about it. All you've got to do is to let the light shine into you 'nd you'll get there all right enough. You can try it for yourself 'nd you can tell every time whether it's the right brand. If it makes you feel good toward everybody 'nd want to do everybody a good turn 'nd help everybody, then you

can bet your saddle against a white chip it's the straight goods.

"Just look into yourselves 'nd you'll find that what's inside, the thinkin' part, cuts a lot more ice than the part that wears clothes. That's the only sure-enough man. If you just let that part of you boss the job for awhile, you'll find the sunshine 'll seem brighter, the air 'll seem better to breathe, the whole world 'll seem a better place to live in 'nd life 'll seem a whole lot more worth livin'. The whole thing about it all is—love."

Such a talk as this, coming from the source it did, was a matter of surprise and wonder to those who heard it. Perhaps none of them all was more surprised at it than Bob himself. He had never before attempted anything of this kind, and, although he had remained seated on the soap box throughout, he had as he proceeded shown fervor and become almost eloquent. When he had ceased speaking most of his auditors remained silent and more or less thoughtful. A few expressed approval, while some others, including the ranchman, Tom, were disposed to sneer. But Bob Thompson was not exactly a fit subject of ridicule in that crowd. His personal courage was well known, while his loyalty to his friends was recognized by all who knew him. With most of those who heard him what Bob said "went"—at

least, they knew he was sincere and would "stay with it."

Finally Sam McChesney spoke up: "I tell you, fellows, what let's do. I b'lieve Bob's guessed it about right, for I've seen how this thing has worked on him. When I see apples on a tree I conclude that's an apple tree. Let's make Bob bishop of this round-up district 'nd get him to talk to us once in awhile when we can get together."

Most of those present evinced their approbation of the proposal with "That's the stuff!" "Let 'er go!" "What's the matter with Bishop Bob?" "He's all right!" and similar exclamations.

"Is there any objections to this here proposition?" asked Sam, looking around.

"Then it goes," he said, as no one responded.

In some places and with some assemblies the action just recorded would have evinced a want of respect for the person on whom the title was conferred, but it was not so here. Beneath the jocularly of the proceedings was a desire to distinguish Bob and show him a mark of their consideration.

Thus it was that Bob Thompson found his opportunity and began his career of work for others among a class of men popularly supposed to be quite indifferent concerning the matters about which he talked to them.

CHAPTER X.

JOHN DOE.

A new mining town presents some phases of life not met with in any other place. The population of such a town is necessarily composed of people who are anxious to make money quickly, some of them intending to do so by honest means, and a good many others who are not particular about the means so they get it. It is a heterogeneous population made up of contributions from many countries, states, cities and towns. The great body of the people are strangers to each other. Lots which one or two years before could not have been sold for a dollar apiece now bring thousands, and are often bought and sold again the same day with a profit of hundreds and even thousands of dollars. The sounds of the hammer and saw are heard on all sides. Wooden buildings spring up with almost magical rapidity and become occupied at once by tenants who pay fabulous rentals. A bank is opened and men stand in line and wait half an hour to get a chance to deposit their money. The postoffice, which, owing to what is termed red tape,

cannot be suddenly enlarged to meet exigencies, is simply overwhelmed with business. Everything goes with a whirl. At all hours of the day and night the streets seem full of men rushing hither and thither. The chase after the dollar seems to have superseded every other thought in the minds of all the people.

Among the first to rush to these new towns are liquor sellers and gamblers. Every other door along the business streets is a saloon. In about half of these saloons are to be found games of one kind and another calculated to gather in the dollars of the unwary. Professional gamblers and crooks of all kinds are to be found in great numbers, and they have or succeed in quickly establishing a sort of freemasonry among themselves. It thus occurs that these people, acting in concert, always succeed in "running" a new mining camp, at least for a time. There is usually some recognized boss or "king" among them, who, by whatsoever means he may have attained to the throne, exercises for the time being a kingly power over the destinies of the place where he is located.

In the latter eighties the mining town of G——, in Colorado, was having a boom. Valuable ore had been struck and within six months there was a town of six to eight thousand inhabitants, situated on ground wholly uninhabited before. The fraternity of gamblers and crooks at the time of which we are speaking was headed by a man known as Buck Brady, and

it was well understood that the town was "run" by the Buck Brady gang. Persons accustomed to live in a community with ample police protection and where there is reasonable security for person and property can hardly realize the extent of the power exercised by the head of a gang under these circumstances. If a merchant or business man incurs the enmity of the gang he is in danger. It may be that he will be openly told to vamose the diggings—an order which he will be wise if he obeys; or it may be that without warning an accident will happen to him—it is likely to be a fatal accident. In the town of G—— at this time was a bartender named Phil Ditson, who was understood to be a member of or at least to "stand in" with the Buck Brady gang. At this particular time he was filling the position of nightwatch in the Redlight saloon. One morning between four and five o'clock some men walking on the street, among whom was a deputy sheriff, heard a revolver shot. The sound seemed to proceed from the Redlight saloon. They arrived at the saloon, as they afterward testified, about half a minute, or, at the most, a minute after the shot was fired. At a round table about fifteen feet from the end of the bar nearest the back door of the saloon stood a man holding in his hand a revolver, the smoke from which still filled the air about him. He was the only person to be seen in the room. The deputy sheriff took the gun from him

without any resistance being offered, and said: "Who'd you shoot at?" The man muttered as if to himself, "My chance to get even." Just then there was an exclamation from a man who had walked around the end of the bar. There lay the body of Phil Ditson, the bartender, a pool of blood about his head. An examination showed a bullet wound just above the left eye. His death had evidently been instantaneous. On a shelf above and just back of where the body lay was a large revolver. The man who held the smoking revolver and who evidently had done the shooting presented the appearance of a tramp. His hair and beard were unkempt and his face bloated with whisky. Aside from the words muttered when the deputy sheriff first approached him he could not be induced to speak of the affair. He was put under arrest and locked up in the log cabin which served as a jail.

That night a number of the Buck Brady gang got together to discuss the advisability of lynching the tramp who had shot Phil Ditson. The consensus of opinion among them was that they'd better go to the jail, take him out and string him up; but Brady himself turned the tide by telling them he had been at the jail to look at the fellow; that the prisoner seemed rational on other subjects, but didn't seem to realize that he had killed a man, and simply looked blank and wouldn't talk when spoken to about it. Brady

concluded that the fellow was off in the upper story and advised his followers, for business reasons, to let the law take its course. The fact was that of late Brady had observed indications of a growing disposition among the decent element of the citizens to revolt against a continuance of his rule. He knew the time would come, sooner or later, when he must move on, and he was anxious not to have his people do anything to hasten the coming of that time.

Thus it occurred that the prisoner, by reason of circumstances beyond his control, escaped lynching, and after a preliminary examination was sent to the county jail in another town to await trial on the charge of murder.

The body of Ditson was buried the day he was shot, in the new cemetery, most of the occupants of which had died, as Ditson did, with their boots on. After the removal of the body from the saloon the floor where he had fallen was scrubbed and business was not interrupted for more than an hour. At the end of a week the very name of the deceased would have been forgotten but for the fact that it appeared in the proceedings against the man who had shot him.

The strictest inquiry that could be made under the circumstances failed to throw any light on the identity of the prisoner. That of itself was not a very remarkable circumstance at that time and in that place. There were a good many people in the camp

who could not have been identified had they chosen to be silent concerning themselves. Occasionally a man died who, for all that could be learned of him, had been a stranger and absolutely without an acquaintance in the camp. Perhaps a few persons had known him for a brief time, but all they could tell about him was that he had been known by the name "Shorty" or "Red." In such cases the body was buried, or at least put in the ground, and a month later the best detective agency could not have learned anything of the circumstances, for everybody would have forgotten all about them.

From the time of his arrest the prisoner pursued a policy of absolute silence concerning himself and the offense with which he stood charged. He would talk about other things, but it was impossible to entrap him into any statement whatever on either of these two subjects. He was bound over as John Doe. During the first few days of his incarceration he seemed to be suffering from extreme nervousness. He could not eat or sleep. He was easily startled. He walked about the narrow limits of his cell like a caged wild animal.

When he had been in the jail three or four days in this condition a thought struck the sheriff. The man was off his whisky; perhaps he'd let down for a drink. Of course it wasn't strictly according to law, but the

authorities wanted to locate the prisoner. He would try it. He said to the prisoner:

“How would you like a good square drink?”

The look on the prisoner’s face convinced the sheriff that he had guessed right.

“I’ll get you a pint, or a quart if you want it, of the best whisky to be had if you’ll give up your name and tell where you’re from,” he said.

For a moment he was sure he had won. John Doe began to answer. Then, with what seemed to be an effort, he turned away and preserved his silence. He couldn’t be tempted after that.

At the end of a week his condition had improved. He had some appetite for food; he could sleep, and he was less nervous than he had been. From that time till his trial, which occurred two months after the homicide, he improved in both appearance and health.

He was indicted as “John Doe, whose real name is unknown,” for murder in the first degree. When taken into court he was asked by the judge: “Have you engaged counsel to defend you?”

“I have not,” answered the prisoner.

“Have you any money or means with which to employ counsel?” asked the judge.

“I have not,” answered the prisoner.

After glancing about the courtroom and then over

his docket the judge said: "I will appoint Mr. James Crow as your counsel."

The prisoner bowed.

"Will you be ready to plead by to-morrow morning, Mr. Crow?" asked the court.

"I have not yet examined the indictment, but I think we shall be able to plead by that time," answered the young lawyer.

"He will be arraigned in the morning, then," said the court. "You can examine the indictment and consult with him in the meantime."

The prisoner was returned to the jail and soon thereafter his attorney called, having with him a copy of the indictment. The sheriff conducted them to a room in the corner of the jail, where they could talk in privacy.

"Now," said Mr. Crow, "I wish you'd tell me the facts so that I can prepare a defense."

"I beg your pardon," replied the prisoner, "but I have nothing to say, even to you."

"But, my God, man, they're liable to send you up for life," exclaimed Crow. "I don't think from what I've heard that they can hang you, but they may do even that."

"Still, I have nothing to say," said the prisoner.

"How do you expect me to defend you unless you tell me the facts?" asked Crow.

"I don't expect it. If you wish to talk with me,

Mr. Crow, let us change the subject," said the prisoner.

In order to learn something of the man he had to deal with, Crow assented, and for some time they conversed on other subjects. Every attempt, however, to get the prisoner to talk about himself or the homicide resulted in his quiet but polite refusal to say a word.

Mr. James Crow was, as has been said, a young lawyer. This was his first murder case, and his appointment had raised within his breast high hopes of being able to benefit himself, perhaps distinguish himself, and incidentally help the prisoner, by his conduct of the case. But here was an unheard-of state of affairs. However, he must find some way out or there wouldn't be much chance for that eloquent speech which he had already begun to formulate.

The next morning when John Doe was about to be arraigned his attorney said: "If your honor please, I am at a loss just how to proceed. The prisoner has refused to say a word to me about his case or himself. I will ask to have him examined as to his sanity."

"You can plead now if you are ready," said the court, "and an examination can be made between now and the time set for trial." So the indictment was read, the attorney entered a plea of not guilty, the

trial was set for the following Monday, and John Doe was returned to jail.

The physicians sent by Mr. Crow to examine into the sanity of the defendant reported him perfectly sane, and the next Monday morning the case of *The People of the State of Colorado vs. John Doe* was called for trial.

Mr. Crow's idea had been that the case would require at least a week for trial. He expected to take up two or three days in getting a jury, for it was a murder case; then the putting in of evidence would take at least two days, for his cross-examination of witnesses would be made notable, and necessarily be long, and when it came to the argument he expected to occupy a full half-day, and perhaps a day. But things do not always turn out as expected, or even as they are planned. The jurors were provokingly ignorant of the case they were called to try. Not one of them knew the defendant or had ever heard of the deceased. Most of them had never heard of the homicide. They were not related to counsel on either side, and they had no scruples of any kind against capital punishment—a point on which Mr. Crow was very insistent in his examination.

After examining each juror as fully as he knew how, exhausting all his peremptory challenges, and showing much zeal, a jury was completed, accepted and sworn in a little before noon.

Evidence substantiating the facts already stated was put in very briefly on behalf of the people. Mr. Crow tried to cross-examine each witness very exhaustively, but in spite of all he could do the district attorney rested his case at the end of three hours. There being no evidence to offer on behalf of the defendant, the court delivered a charge to the jury and the district attorney had finished his opening address to the jury when court adjourned that evening.

Throughout the trial the defendant remained imperturbable. There was nothing defiant about his demeanor; he was simply calm, undemonstrative and apparently indifferent.

The next morning Mr. Crow began an address which was to last till noon at the very least. The first half-dozen sentences of his speech—which he had memorized and carefully rehearsed—clearly demonstrated his superiority over the district attorney as an orator. When he had talked an hour he began to repeat himself; fifteen minutes later the jurors were getting uneasy in their seats. By the time he had consumed an hour and a half he had repeated himself many times and could not think of another thing to say, so he delivered himself of his carefully prepared peroration, thanked the jury for their close attention—which he hadn't had for some time—and sat down without any of the murmurs of applause throughout the courtroom which he had imagined

would require the stern rebuke of the court to suppress. The district attorney spent fifteen minutes in reply and asked the jury to return a verdict of murder in the second degree. The jury retired and hung for about seven minutes, when they returned with a verdict finding John Doe guilty of murder in the second degree. In justice to the defendant's attorney it should be said that it is difficult to make a cake without dough; and it may be added that it is sometimes just as well not to go through the motions of making the cake unless one has some dough to work on.

Mr. Crow's motion for a new trial was overruled and his client was sentenced to hard labor during the term of his natural life in the penitentiary at Canon City, to which place the sheriff shortly thereafter conveyed him, where he became No. 3708.

Before closing this account of the case of *The People of the State of Colorado vs. John Doe* it may be remarked that Mr. James Crow is still practicing law, and to such eminence has he risen that his name, in an abbreviated form, is used to designate a class of practitioners and their kind of practice.

CHAPTER XI.

TWO LETTERS.

In the December following Darrell's departure from the ranch Young received from him a letter, of which the following is a copy, omitting some minor points:

"MY DEAR SIR:

"Two reasons have prevented my writing sooner after the receipt of your favor of nearly two months ago. The first is that I have been very busy and absent from the city most of the time; the second is that I do not know just how to put in words and on paper what I want to say.

"I shall have to beg your pardon in advance for making this so personal and so selfish a letter. It is about myself and for myself that I want your views.

"To give you a full understanding of the situation it will be necessary for me to begin a good way back. My parents were both strict members of the Presbyterian church, and I was brought up in accordance with the doctrines of that church. As a child I had not a doubt that every word in the bible was the word of God, and, of course, literally true.

"I continued in this state of mind and in a full and

entire belief in the bible till I was 16 or 17 years old. Then I began to have doubts, at first of the truth of parts of the old testament, then of the new; and after awhile I did not believe any part of the bible. Then there was a kind of reaction. I thought perhaps it was true, or, at least, that part of it was true. After being in this state of mind for awhile I concluded I did not know, and could not find out anything about it. I quit thinking about the matter altogether and became an agnostic. All matters relating to religion were settled for me, I thought, by my settled agnosticism. This was my state of mind when I met you. Somehow, at your ranch, I began to doubt my doubts, if you can understand that. I began to question whether my state of universal doubt was the real answer—the right solution to the question. The more I thought of it, and of some things you said, the more I wanted to hear what you would say in answer to my questions, for it seemed to me you were satisfied in your own mind as to what is true. There was something about you that convinced me you knew, or thought you knew, the real truth that I want to get.

“When a very small child I tried to reconcile the statement that God is just with his act in condemning the whole race on account of Adam’s eating an apple. I didn’t and couldn’t understand it, but supposed it would all be clear to me when I should grow older. The old doubts are upon me again.

“What is true? Is the bible true? Is religion—I mean, of course, the Christian religion—true? If so, which denomination among the Christians is right? All these questions and a good many others growing

out of them are with me, and I am not able to settle them for myself.

"Can you give me any light?"

* * * * *

"I should like to look in on you and spend an evening with you at the ranch.

"With the compliments of the approaching holiday season, I am yours respectfully,

"JOHN W. DARRELL."

A few days after receiving the letter, Young answered it as follows:

"MY DEAR MR. DARRELL:

"From some remarks you dropped while here, I guessed the state of your mind. Your late letter would have been no surprise to me, even had you not stated in a former communication that you wished at a future time to get my views.

"Permit me to suggest at the outset that the search for truth always necessarily involves a total self-surrender, an absolute giving up of all selfish ideas, notions and plans, and a willingness to accept the truth when found, regardless of preconceived theories.

"Every advance in knowledge, whether in the line of what we call the natural sciences or in spiritual truth, is at first looked upon as an innovation and an intrusion. The man who first declared the earth to be spherical was regarded as a crank; so was the inventor of the electric telegraph, of the steamship, and of nearly every other innovation on established notions. As with these persons and their work in

physical science, so it has been with those who first advocated any advance in thought, and especially in religious thought. Jesus Christ was killed because His teachings conflicted with the existing opinions and established customs of the time in which He lived.

"Your letter shows me that you have fallen into the most common of all errors in the consideration of questions relating to religion. You have confused religion with orthodoxy. Religion and orthodoxy are not only different things—they are opposite things and antagonistic the one to the other. They act from entirely different motives, so to speak. They spring from entirely different sources. Orthodoxy is my doxy. It is the faith which I and those who agree with me hold on religious questions. Orthodoxy recognizes no truth outside its own teachings, no road to heaven but the one fenced in by its creed—a fence which can be neither crawled under, climbed over nor broken through, in which there are no gates, save those swinging outward and having no handles on the outside. To be orthodox one must start in at the beginning of the road, continue to the end, and be more careful than a Colorado miner to keep within the side-lines.

"Religion never incited a war, conducted a crusade, fought a battle or held an inquisition on the faith of any person. Orthodoxy has done all these things in the name of religion. Religion never put a human being to death. Orthodoxy has killed untold thousands.

"Orthodoxy murdered Jesus Christ because he was unorthodox. It killed a few hundred people in this

country and a great many thousands across the ocean on the charge of witchcraft. It conducted the Spanish Inquisition.

"All these crimes and nameless others orthodoxy has committed in the name of religion. It has at different times and in different places assumed to be every known form of religion, not excepting that founded by the great Nazarene, one of whose precepts was 'Judge not that ye be not judged.'

"Orthodoxy still masquerades under the name of religion. It is the spirit of intolerance, the child of bigotry and hate. Its refuge is hypocrisy; its chief weapon is cant. It is of the nature of the brute seeking to obtain dominance and mastery by force.

"Religion is the conscious knowledge of man's relationship to God. It is, indeed, the very spirit of God—universal—all-pervading love—made manifest in man. Religion attracts, but never seeks to drive.

"I have said thus much, not for the purpose of condemning the orthodox, but to point out as clearly as I can the distinction between religion and orthodoxy and the line of demarcation which separates them.

"Fifty years ago it was very generally preached that there was a literal hell of fire and brimstone, into which a large part of the human race would be cast, there to suffer eternal torture; and any one who declared a disbelief in that doctrine was denounced as an infidel. To-day there cannot be found an enlightened preacher who believes in or preaches that doctrine. To an extent which can hardly be comprehended now, especially by the younger people, that sort of teaching was then supposed by many good people to be re-

ligion. Why? Because orthodoxy was posing in the name of religion then as it is now, and that was what orthodoxy then taught.

“Is it strange that the counterfeit, the miserable caricature which at various times—and even within forty or fifty years—has passed for the Christian religion should drive so many people into what has been termed infidelity? Is it not surprising, rather, that those man-made creeds, dogmas and articles of faith, embodying as they do the most absurd interpretations of the bible, should have had any believers or pretended believers?

“But there is no caricature without an original. There is no counterfeit until there has been something genuine to counterfeit. The bible, taken as a whole, is, in my opinion, the greatest of all books, and the one which the world could least afford to lose. It is a marvelously complete representation of humanity—of the human heart and the human soul—not the heart and soul of some ancient and distant people, but your own and mine—of the people of to-day. Every human passion is portrayed; every longing, every desire, every aspiration, is analyzed and set forth; every phase of human character is described. Starting with Adam, the earth man, the lowest type, and culminating in Jesus Christ, the highest type the world has known, the bible, in its comprehensive delineation of human character, its unequaled representations of the working of the human soul, its vast compilation of the highest spiritual truth, and the majestic grandeur of its language, is unequaled and unapproached by any other book.

“But you ask if it is true. Is it inspired? Truth is of God, is eternal, and is so wherever you find it, whether in the bible or the writings and sayings of Plato, Thomas Carlyle or Emerson. The bible is true to each person to just the extent that he can discover truth in it; so is any other book. A study of the bible will enable any thoughtful person to discover more and more truth in it all the time. Nothing is true to you which you cannot comprehend or understand in some measure, at least. For instance, a book printed in a language wholly unknown to you could have in it no truth for you, though to one who understands and could read the language it might be full of truth.

“Viewed merely as statements of historical fact, the account of creation in Genesis is absurd and meaningless; so is the story of Adam and Eve and their fall; so are the accounts of the ark, of Jonah, of Joshua and of the sun standing still; and yet it is but a short time since the orthodox world was up in arms against any man who refused to accept these stories as literally true—who took the same view of them, in short, which is now taken by a majority of orthodox preachers. I suppose there never was such a man as Job, or, at all events, one who went through just the experiences accredited to him; but the Book of Job has been a help to thousands, and, as a man grows older, he is able more and more to appreciate it and be benefited by it. The Book of Job is by no means to be regarded as a lie simply because it is not a literal statement of historical fact.

“‘As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he,’ is a truth which always existed and always will exist. It

is true, not because it is in the bible; for it was true before it was put in the bible, and would have been equally true if it had not been in the bible. 'Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven' simply expresses an eternal fact which always existed, and would always have been true independently of its being given utterance by Jesus Christ.

"If in the story of Jonah you can see nothing but the incredible literal statement that a great fish swallowed a man and after three days threw him out on dry land alive and well, there is no valuable truth for you in the whole story; if in the majestic statement 'And God said, Let there be light, and there was light,' you can see nothing but the sudden manufacture and putting into operation of an immense light plant, there is nothing in that which is of any use to you.

"Let me suggest to you not to trouble yourself about your salvation. It is simply a question of letting yourself be saved; and salvation comes in this life—not in the next. Heaven is a condition—not a location. All may achieve that condition at once. It exists for us all now. Salvation is not a matter of groanings and regrets, but only of recognizing our true relationship to all life, to all nature, to God.

"God's great love surrounds us and is part of every human being. We can no more escape from it than we can escape from the atmosphere. It is a living, existing, omnipresent fact. It is the element in which we live; the very essence of all life. As man recog-

nizes this he comes into a knowledge of his true relation to the Infinite.

“Dismiss all fear; get rid of the notion that you were born sinful and have a tendency to be sinful; keep in mind the one fundamental truth of God’s ever-present love, and all questions which now trouble you will vanish away, and be as if they had never existed.
Yours very truly, Wm. Young.”

CHAPTER XII.

DICK BRIGGS.

On one of the principal streets of the little city of E——, situate on the Ohio shore of Lake Erie, there was a ripple of excitement one August afternoon. A young man of eighteen or nineteen had suddenly and violently struck in the face a man considerably older and larger than himself, and his act resulted in what was, while it lasted, a very lively pugilistic battle between the two. A crowd quickly gathered, but for a time no one interfered. The younger man seemed to have overrated his own ability as a pugilist, or to have misjudged that of his antagonist. Although he had drawn first blood at the outset, the older one was rapidly demonstrating his superiority as a fist fighter when a policeman appeared, stopped the fight, put both men under arrest and started with them for the police station.

The older man, aged somewhere in the forties, was dressed in well-fitting clothes of a flashy, loud pattern, and wore a silk hat pulled low over the eyes. His close-shaven face had a hard, set expression, and

in connection with his dress proclaimed a man who had probably seen many horse races, prize fights, and other games of a quieter but equally exciting character. He was still furious at the assault made on him and anxious to continue the task of demolishing his assailant, which he had well under way when interrupted by the policeman. The younger of the combatants, though bleeding from various face blows and showing other marks of the encounter, was far from being subdued, and hotly expressed the wish that the bluecoat would turn the two of them loose together in some back lot for a short time and take them to the station house afterward.

Arrived at the police station, whither they had been followed by three or four men, they were allowed first to wash their faces, both of which were bleeding, and then were conducted to the desk of the sergeant in charge, where their names were taken and the charge of disturbance and fighting put opposite each. When asked if they could furnish bail for their appearance next morning, both answered that they could by sending word to their friends. At this moment a man, who, with the others, had followed the officer and his prisoners to the station, stepped forward and said quietly: "I will become surety for this young man."

"All right, Mr. Horton," said the sergeant, looking up at the speaker, and filling out a recognizance he pushed it over the desk to be signed. While the bond

was being filled out the young man had looked curiously at the man the sergeant had addressed as Mr. Horton. He was a tall man, thirty or thirty-two years of age, with rather a pale face and something of reserve in his manner. When the young man had signed the bond Mr. Horton, before attaching his signature, noted that the name of the accused was Richard T. Briggs.

As they left the police station together, the young man said: "I'm obliged for the favor you've done me in standing good for my appearance in the morning, but if you know me you have the advantage of me."

"I don't think we ever met each other before, Mr. Briggs, but I was passing and heard what that fellow said when you hit him, and while I might not have done just what you did, it needed doing," said the older man, at the same time handing the other his card.

"Oh, you're Frank Horton, editor of the Gazette," said Briggs, looking at the card. "I've known of you, but had never met you."

As they separated Horton said: "I'll be at the police court in the morning and see how you come out."

When Richard T. Briggs stood up in court the next morning his face was adorned with sundry strips of court-plaster

"You've been fighting again?" said the police judge, gazing sternly at the young man.

"Yes," answered Briggs.

"Did you begin it?" asked the judge.

"Yes," said Briggs, glancing at the man with whom he had the trouble, "I hit him first."

"What for?" asked the magistrate.

"For making an insulting remark about a woman that was crossing the street," answered Briggs.

"Did you know the woman?" said the judge.

"No, I didn't," answered Briggs, "but anybody could see she was a lady."

"If your honor will permit me," said Frank Horton, stepping forward and addressing the judge, "I want to say that I was passing just at the time of the trouble, and heard the remark that fellow made. It was most vile and indecent, and I felt like doing just what Mr. Briggs did. I happen also to know the lady against whom the remark was directed."

"That's all right, Mr. Horton," said the magistrate, "but Briggs here has got to get rid of the notion that he's the general guardian of society and that the way to regulate things is with his fists." Then looking at Briggs he said: "This is the second time you've been here inside of a year, and the other charge was about the same as this."

"Yes, judge," assented Briggs.

"I suspended sentence before," continued the

judge; "now I think you need a lesson that'll make you quit this."

"Can't help it, judge," said Briggs. "I'd have hit the loafer if I had to go to the penitentiary for it the next minute."

"I'll make this \$10 and costs," said the magistrate.

"I want to pay that as my contribution toward what the fellow got," said Horton, stepping forward and taking out his pocketbook.

"Not too fast, Mr. Horton," said the judge, and, looking at Briggs, he continued, "This sentence stands suspended during good behavior. Now, get out of here, and see that you don't come back."

"Thanks, judge," said Briggs.

"Go!" replied the magistrate.

When Briggs had left the courtroom in company with Horton, the case of the other of the two fighters was taken up.

"What've you got to say for yourself?" asked the police judge.

"Why, judge, I didn't do a thing but defend myself," said the man. "That kid hit me in the eye without any warning."

"You had made an insulting remark about a woman?" asked the magistrate.

"Well, I s'pose there's no law against a man making a remark," said the man. "It wasn't loud enough for her to hear."

"Twenty-five dollars and costs," said the judge.

"But, judge——" began the man.

"Pay up or go below," interrupted the judge. "I'll send you to the rock pile if you ever come back."

With a feeling that his rights as an American citizen had been invaded, the man drew from his pocket a roll of bills, stripped from the outside the necessary amount to pay his fine and costs, and left the courtroom with his hat pulled lower than ever over his eyes.

"I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Horton," said Briggs when he and his companion left the courtroom. "It was what you said that made the old man suspend sentence on me again."

"That's all right," replied Horton. "I'd have paid your fine willingly if the judge hadn't suspended it."

As they parted from each other at a street corner Horton said: "Drop in and see me, any time. You'll find me at the Gazette office in the afternoons."

"Thank you, I'll do it," replied Briggs.

Though the two men were dissimilar in their dispositions and habits as they were in age, the acquaintance thus begun ripened into a friendship between them. Richard Briggs—known to all his acquaintances as Dick—was athletic, full-blooded and somewhat impulsive and impetuous in disposition. He was warm-hearted and generous, and especially chivalrous toward all womankind. He idolized his mother and

had never gotten over the notion that his sister Maude, who was five or six years his junior, was still a baby and to be watched over and petted accordingly.

His brother Tom was four years older than Dick, and so different in every way that, while the two had always been on good terms, they were never very companionable. Tom was engaged with their father in a drug store, and cared for nothing but chemistry and the drug business. The only recreation he ever took was an occasional half-day's fishing on the lake.

Frank Horton was studious and somewhat retired in his disposition, but not at all a recluse. He and Dick were not lacking in points of common interest, and each liked the other for qualities which he himself did not possess, on the principle that

"We like not best what most to self is twin,
But that which best supplies the void within."

Dick, who kept a horse, often invited Horton to take a ride with him, and not infrequently he called and spent an hour or two at Horton's rooms in the evenings.

One afternoon Dick called at the Gazette office and found his friend alone. After salutations Horton said: "I have to be out a little while. Do you want to keep shop for me? Or have you something else to do?"

"Just as soon as not," replied Dick; "I'm not busy."

"All right, then," said Horton. "I'll be back inside of half an hour."

For awhile Dick looked over the exchanges in the office; then it occurred to him to write a letter while he waited. Seating himself on a round-topped stool at the desk he was engaged in his writing when a man entered, and, with more force than seemed to be necessary, inquired:

"Where's the man that runs this paper?"

Before answering, Dick took a look at the man. He was a rough, burly-looking fellow, carried a black-snake whip in one hand and looked belligerent all over.

"I'm running it just now," said Dick.

"You ain't the editor, be you?" said the man, advancing threateningly.

"Well, you may just take it for granted that I am if you have any business with him," answered Dick.

"Durned if I don't give you a dressin' down just for your impudence," said the fellow, bringing down the blacksnake across Dick's shoulders with a cut that would have raised a welt on a mule. A lighted match put to powder would not have brought action more promptly. With an oath Dick sprang at the fellow, striking him squarely in the mouth and knocking him back against the wall. The man, though badly

staggered, did not fall; and with bleeding mouth, surprised and enraged at being attacked by such a strippling, he made a rush for Dick, roaring out threats of vengeance. Dick, though much smaller than his antagonist, was much more active, and from long practice had acquired a more or less deft use of his hands in such emergencies. For a short time he was able to avoid the clutches of his burly adversary and to place several blows in his face and neck. Seeing that he could not avoid being caught, Dick made a rush at his opponent and grasped him about the body, at the same time tripping him and throwing him backward. In the fall the man's head struck the corner of a desk, cutting a gash in the back of the head and for a moment stunning him.

As Dick got to his feet Horton entered the office. "What's all this about?" he exclaimed.

"This fellow wanted to lick somebody 'nd I let him begin on me," answered Dick, panting.

As the would-be dresser-down of youthful impudence got to his feet he was a sorry sight. He no longer looked belligerent, nor did he appear to have any hostile intentions.

"Who are you and what do you want?" demanded Horton.

"I come to see the editor," replied the man, as he wiped his face, "but—they ain't no hurry about it."

"Did you come here for a fuss?" asked Horton.

"Well, something of that kind," replied the man; "but I didn't s'pose you kept any young cattymounts like that 'round the place," looking ruefully at Dick.

"What is your name, and what's your grievance?" asked Horton.

"I don't live here, and it ain't no difference about it to-day," answered the man, starting out of the office and leaving his whip lying on the floor.

"It's a good thing for you that the editor wasn't in; I'm only his boy," was Dick's parting shot as the man went out of the door.

"I suspect that's a teamster named Botts from Smithfield, ten miles below here," said Horton. "The correspondent there gave him a roast in last week's paper for abusing his family. I was told he threatened to come and clean out the office, but I didn't think of it again."

"Well," said Dick, "I'll just hang this whip up as a souvenir. He'll not come back for it—not till the bones of his nose grow together, anyhow."

"Did you break his nose?" asked Horton.

"I'm pretty sure I felt the bridge go down when I hit him the last time," replied Dick. Then after a pause he added: "There won't be any police-court racket about this mix-up. That's one satisfaction."

CHAPTER XIII.

FRANK HORTON.

Is man the creature of circumstances, or are circumstances the creations of man? Fatalists are able to adduce many facts in support of the theory that the fate of every human being is mapped out for him, and that he is little more than a conscious automaton fulfilling a destiny which he can neither alter nor escape. In the life of every man occur incidents, often slight in themselves, which seem to have a controlling influence on his future. Nothing, it is argued, stands alone or is dissociated from everything else. Every fact is related to every other fact. The incidents great and small that occur are simply like a row of bricks set on end so that in falling each brick will strike and knock over the one next to it. All that is necessary in order to move the whole row is to push the first brick over.

On the other hand are those who regard this as a merely superficial view; who insist that, while circumstances seem to control man's life, it is within the power of every person to change the circumstances;

or, using the same figure as before, to remove or alter the position of a brick at a point along the line, and thus at once to stop the effect of causing the first brick to fall.

Frank Horton had never fully decided the question for himself, if indeed he had ever seriously considered it. The circumstances of his life thus far would seem to furnish about an equal amount of argument for either side. His father was a farmer in moderate circumstances. He was an only child, and his mother had died when he was seven years old. His father's sister, Amelia, a maiden lady of middle age, took charge of affairs in the Horton household after Mrs. Horton's death, and for the next few years Frank was under her immediate care and supervision. To her he was obedient, but not affectionate. He could never be got to talk of his mother. To him the memory of his mother was sacred, and not to be shared with others. His aunt, seeing how he felt toward his mother, would on occasions say to him that his mother would want him to do something or to act in a certain way. When the boy was nine years old, in answer to one of these statements, he said: "I know better than you or any one else what my mother would want me to do and not to do." And he was right. He did know. It was a subject of daily and hourly thought with him. He had never heard of spiritualism. He knew nothing about the theory of the spirits of the departed hover-

ing near those they loved in this life; but he felt that his mother was with him when he was most alone, and that he knew her thoughts.

He was not a lazy boy; but neither his father nor his Aunt Amelia was pleased at the way he did the work assigned to him. He appeared somewhat listless at his tasks. As his aunt remarked, he didn't "seem to take a-holt right." There was one kind of work to which this statement did not apply. That was the care of live-stock. He could always be depended upon to care for any animals committed to his charge.

In the winters he attended the country school, where he made fair progress in his studies. He was fond of reading, and had become familiar with the few books to which he had access. At sixteen he was a well-grown and fairly healthy boy of his age. For some time he had been intending some day to become a printer, but had not mentioned his intentions to any one until one day his father intimated to him an intention of taking a second wife. The boy had feared this of late. To him there was something sacrilegious in the thought of some other woman being installed in his mother's place. He felt that if a step-mother must come he could not live under the same roof with her. He did not want even to meet her. Not then, at all events. Some time he might feel differently about it. Something of this feeling he told his father.

Not all, for he and his father had never been confidants, and he had no wish to wound his father's feelings or his pride. Still he insisted that he must go and learn the printer's trade, promising if allowed to go not to be a burden to his father. After some hesitation his father consented, and a few days later Frank began his new life in the office of a weekly newspaper published at the county seat of an adjoining county.

He had not mistaken his vocation. The work interested him and he was diligent and painstaking as a learner. By the time he was twenty-one years old he had become a thorough, all-around journeyman printer. In the time intervening since he had left home, he had seen his father two or three times a year. Sometimes his father visited him where he was at work; at other times he and his father met at their old home town; but Frank had never gone to his home.

He now decided to start out and secure work in some other place, partly to see something of the world and partly to get the advantage of working at his trade in different offices. He had saved a little money and his employer furnished him with a strong letter of recommendation. Before going away he went to the town nearest his birth-place and there met and talked with his father. This proved to be the last time the two met. A few weeks later the father died,

and was buried before news of his death reached his son.

During the next few years Frank drifted from place to place, working at his trade. He never changed much. There was about him an amount of self-poise rather unusual in a young man. Perhaps the key to an understanding of his character lies in the fact that his mother was always with him. He had felt her presence and her influence so constantly that the memory of her soft hands, her loving eyes and tender voice was as fresh as ever with him. He was not given to seeking crowds or indulging to any extent in the amusements of his associates. Occasionally he would go with them for the sake of comradeship, and sometimes take a drink or smoke a cigar; but he preferred the quiet of his room with one chum when not at work. He was rather too solitary. He had been too much alone as a boy. Solitude has some advantages to a young person; but one who has lived much alone is likely to be more of a thinker or a dreamer than a pushing man of the world.

When Frank Horton had been working three or four years at his trade he began to write short articles which he handed to the editor of the paper on which he happened to be employed. After keeping up this kind of experimental writing for some time he was offered and accepted a subordinate place on the editorial staff of a city daily. Though he held this posi-

tion for more than a year the work did not suit him. He felt cramped. Everything he wrote had to fit the policy of the paper. There was no chance for originality or independence in the treatment of subjects. He had about determined to go back to the mechanical department of the printing business when an opportunity occurred for him to acquire the control and become the editor of the Weekly Gazette at the city of E——, in northern Ohio. He accepted the offer, and at the time of meeting with Dick Briggs he had been an independent editor for two years.

Under his editorial management the Gazette had acquired the reputation of a paper which always reflected the real sentiments of its editor on all subjects on which it spoke. Attempts were made from time to time to have Horton lend the support of the paper to this or that project, or to treat of some matter of public interest in a particular way. All such attempts failed. The editor did not appear to be trying to get rich, though the paper was fairly profitable. Once when some heavy advertisers wanted the paper to follow a certain line of policy, Horton told them the editorial page had no connection with the advertising columns. The paper aimed always to be fair, and generally its tone was kindly. It rarely went beyond gentle irony or good-natured raillery in opposing men or measures. But once in a while when Horton got an idea that weakness was being oppressed by

strength, that helplessness was being imposed upon by power, he would blaze out with a wealth of invective which was like an electric shock to his readers. It was the Gazette's known readiness to champion the cause of the weak and denounce oppression in any form that led to the incident of Dick Briggs with the man who carried a wagon whip.

Horton was not a society man. He knew many men in a business way, but had few intimates, and rarely visited the homes of his acquaintances. At Dick's urgent invitation he had once spent an evening at the Briggs household.

A few weeks after Dick's encounter at the Gazette office occurred an event which seemed to draw in its train circumstances important in the lives of several people.

One morning in the latter part of April, Horton drove a few miles into the country with a single horse and top-buggy from a livery stable. The day being pleasant he had laid back the buggy top and was fully enjoying his drive homeward when, in descending a hill about a mile from town, the holdback gave way. Horton had been driving carelessly, and before he could gather up the lines the horse was entirely beyond his control. Once or twice Horton tried pulling on the lines, but found this only drew the buggy against the horse and added to the fright of the already frantic animal. He dared not try to pull the

horse into a fence for fear of upsetting in a ditch at the side of the road. The best he could do was to try to keep the animal in the road and let him run. The horse dashed into the town with somewhat slackened speed, but still wholly unmanageable. Several men rushed into the street and almost caused an upset by waving their arms and causing the horse to swerve. They got out of the way, however, before the horse reached them. But there was one who acted differently. It was Dick Briggs. He saw the runaway coming, caught sight of the occupant of the buggy, and forgot everything else in the desire to save his friend. With a rush he grabbed the reins at the horse's head. He was jerked from his feet in a moment, but he held on. The horse dashed into a board fence, the buggy caught against a post, the horse was thrown by the shock and Horton was pitched forward some twenty feet out on the ground, but suffered no other injury than a few bruises and a severe shaking up. But Dick did not escape so well. Men rushed to the spot and found him lying at the head of the fallen horse, still grasping the reins; but he was bleeding at mouth and nose and unable to rise. When helped up one of his legs hung limp. "Did you get hurt, old man?" he inquired of Horton; then, without waiting for an answer, he fainted. He was at once conveyed to his home and a physician summoned, who found that Dick had suffered a broken leg, three broken ribs, and

internal injuries, the extent of which could not then be determined. Horton had followed him home and remained throughout the examination and until the physician had finished his work, and left, promising to call again an hour or two later.

Horton followed the physician into the hall and inquired as to Dick's condition.

"We can't tell for a day or two," answered the doctor. "If his internal injuries are not too serious, he'll get over the broken bones and bruises all right."

Dick had asserted, but somewhat weakly, that he wasn't hurt much and would soon be around all right. The doctor left directions to have him kept as quiet as possible. During the next two days Horton remained almost constantly at Dick's bedside. On the third day Dr. Roberts pronounced Dick out of danger, and for the first time after the accident Horton went home and to bed. Thereafter while Dick was convalescing Horton spent a part of almost every day with him. Dick was fond of hearing Horton read aloud, and his wishes were fully gratified. His sound constitution and naturally buoyant disposition aided greatly in his speedy recovery. From the first he had refused to listen to any thanks from Horton for his act, and seemed to feel annoyed when the subject was referred to.

About three weeks after the accident Dick was sitting propped up in bed one afternoon and Horton was

reading to him, when a young woman of about Dick's age entered the room and going to the bed exclaimed, "You poor old Dick! Were you going to commit suicide?" and kissed him.

"Why, Corinne, I'm glad to see you!" said Dick; then he added: "This is Mr. Horton, Corinne—my cousin, Miss Roberts."

The girl blushed, then frankly extended her hand, saying: "I understand you have been quite a faithful nurse to Dick, Mr. Horton."

"I was the unfortunate cause of his getting hurt," said Horton, as they shook hands.

"No, drop that, Horton!" said Dick. "I was going to stop that horse, and I'd have stopped him if the buggy'd been empty!"

When Miss Roberts had gone, after promising to come and stay part of the following day with Dick, Horton learned that she was the daughter of the attending physician, Dr. Roberts, and had been away at school, having returned that day for the first time since Dick's injury. Horton met her several times after that at Dick's house; and once when they were both there in the evening he walked home with her, and before leaving her at the gate he asked and was given permission to call at some later date.

In the course of time Dick fully recovered from his injuries and was as well as ever, though slightly sobered by his experience. Horton felt that he owed his

life to Dick, and the two were the warmest friends. Dick one day confided to Horton that he expected before long to get married and settle down. Horton congratulated his friend and expressed approval of his intentions.

"It's too soon for congratulations," said Dick. "I'll tell you more about it before long."

A week or two later Dick called at Horton's room between ten and eleven o'clock one night.

"Horton, I'm going away and called to say good-by," he said. He was disordered and distressed in appearance. Horton had never seen him in this mood before.

"Why, Dick, what's the matter?" exclaimed Horton.

"I've been refused, and I'm going away to-night," answered Dick.

"But you don't want to take it that way, old man," said Horton. "You'll look at it differently later."

"How would you take it yourself if you were in my place?" asked Dick, impetuously.

Horton paled slightly as he answered, in a low voice: "I don't know, Dick, how I would take it. Still, I think it's better for you not to go this way."

Arguments were useless, however. Dick left that night for the far west, and after the first month or two neither Horton nor his family could get any word from him.

CHAPTER XIV.

MAKING PROGRESS.

On the same day on which Darrell met Mr. Winter on the street he wrote to Young, briefly stating the circumstances and his anxiety for the welfare of his friend Winter, and asking whether Young would receive him for a few months. He received a prompt reply from Young saying with reference to the inquiry: "Mr. Winter will be welcome to come here and try our way of living. If there is any dissatisfaction on either side he can at least stay until he is able to make other arrangements. Tell him to bring only coarse, old clothes and heavy underwear. Let him wire me a day or two ahead stating the time of his arrival at Tres Piedras."

A day or two after Darrell's receipt of this letter Mr. Winter, having completed his preparations, started for New Mexico. The state of his health was causing not only his friends, but himself as well, much anxiety. Though he did not say so, and tried to conceal his feelings on the subject from his family and friends, he felt as he bade them farewell that it was

probably their final separation in this life. His family and friends had the same feeling, which they also tried to conceal.

At the end of a three days' trip he stepped from the train to the platform at the station of Tres Piedras, feeling a little jaded but otherwise none the worse for the trip. In fact, for the last day he had begun to feel the effect of the bracing air of the arid region.

"Are you Mr. Winter?" said Ned Long, approaching him as the train pulled out.

"Yes, sir," answered the minister.

"Mr. Young sent me to take you out to the ranch," said Ned. "If you'll show me your luggage I'll put it in the cart."

"I have no luggage but this gripsack," replied Mr. Winter.

They were soon on the way to the ranch in a cart drawn by Ned's horse, Whitefoot. Mr. Winter had never before been west of the Mississippi river, and as he now filled his lungs with the fresh air and looked around at the novel scenery he felt more hopeful than he had done in months. The day was bright and clear, and after a pleasant three hours' drive they arrived at the ranch at about one o'clock. Young met his visitor with quiet courtesy, inquiring as to his trip and about Darrell, but made no reference to the minister's health. After introducing him to the bedroom and showing him where to wash, Young put on the table

the dinner which was already prepared, and they all sat down to eat.

Noticing a slight hesitation on the part of his visitor, Young said: "Do you wish to ask a blessing, Mr. Winter?"

The minister bowed his head and proceeded to say grace. Young's manner at table, as elsewhere, was polite but not effusive, and gave the impression that he wanted his visitor to be comfortable. There was no apology offered for anything, and no urging to eat more. After dinner he conducted Mr. Winter into the sitting room. Taking a hasty look at the shelves of books and then at the table covered with newspapers and magazines, Mr. Winter said, with a smile: "I see our friend Darrell wanted to surprise me. He said nothing to me of this, and almost nothing of you."

"You have seen the extent of the house now," replied Young. "While you remain, be at home."

Mr. Winter fell readily into his changed mode of life. Young went about his work just as before; but when the minister offered to help in the household duties his offer was accepted as if it were a matter of course that he should work. The reverend gentleman's former parishioners would have been somewhat astonished had they beheld him, within a few days of his arrival at the ranch, in his shirt-sleeves, wearing old clothes and slouch hat, engaged in washing dishes

or rinsing out, wringing and hanging up a washing. From the time of his arrival his health improved rapidly. Both the natural atmosphere and the social atmosphere about the place seemed to agree with him perfectly. He liked Young, and still was puzzled at first in trying to make an estimate of him and to understand his character. In looking over the library he noticed that among the books showing most usage were a bible and a bible concordance; but beside these, and also showing evidence of having been read much, were other books which seemed to him to be of an opposite character, such as Renan's *Life of Jesus*, and works of other authors whom he had always regarded as dangerous infidels. He resolved to try to draw his host out and learn, if he could, the state of mind of a man who took an interest in works of such a diverse character. In all their conversations of any length during the first two weeks of Mr. Winter's stay at the ranch, Young, while in all other respects treating him as a member of the family, had so far regarded him as a guest as to allow him to choose the subjects and take the leading part in their talks. The minister had told Young of his family and more than once in the course of his talk had referred to his son John. One day Young remarked to him: "I judge from what you have said that John is quite a satisfactory son?"

"Yes," replied the minister, "John is a good boy. He has never given us any worry or trouble."

"Is he disposed to be grateful for what you do for him?" asked Young.

"Yes, very much so," answered the minister.

"Does he tell you so, daily?" inquired Young.

"Why, no, not daily," said the minister, looking inquiringly at Young. "Of course I don't expect that. He shows by his actions that he appreciates what is done for him."

"Do you know, Mr. Winter," said Young, smiling at the minister, "that I believe my Father feels just as you do about that? I am thankful every moment for my physical health and welfare, for all the mental and spiritual good that is mine, for all the joys of life—and life to me is full of joy; but my Father knows this; my actions show it, and I have too much respect for his intelligence to suppose that he wishes me to express my thankfulness daily or at every meal time in a set form of words, or even that it would please him to have me do so."

"Do you not believe in prayer at all?" asked the minister.

"Yes, in prayers of thankfulness," answered Young. "And every aspiration, every right thought, every attempt or desire to know God, is a prayer."

"Still, don't you think it well that we should formulate and express our thanks?" said the minister.

"Only by our actions," replied Young. "Any other method seems to me a reflection on the divine intelligence."

"I cannot assent to that view," said Mr. Winter, mildly; and conversation on the topic was dropped for that time.

One evening in the sitting room as they were talking Mr. Winter used the term, "the Man of Sorrows."

"Why do you speak of Jesus Christ as the 'Man of Sorrows'?" asked Young.

"It is a very common designation," replied the minister; "and it accords with the facts, does it not? I believe the phrase is from Isaiah—'a Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with grief.'"

"It is a common designation and is found in Isaiah," said Young; "but it seems to me a mere cant phrase, all the same; and in my opinion it expresses the very opposite of the truth as to Jesus Christ."

"How is that?" said the minister. "Do you not look on him as a Man of Sorrows?"

"No, I don't," said Young. "I am satisfied that Jesus Christ was one of the most cheerful as he certainly was one of the happiest men of whom we have any knowledge."

"Does that view accord with the scriptural account of his life?" questioned the minister.

"I think it does," answered Young. "It is the scriptural account on which I base my views. He ob-

tained complete mastery over what we call self; in other words, in him the spiritual completely controlled the physical. He was able to assert from personal experience that 'the flesh profiteth nothing.' He saw and understood, perhaps more clearly than any other, the true relationship of man to all life, to nature, to God. Now, to one who has attained that degree of spirituality, unhappiness is an impossibility. He has attained heaven, and lives constantly in heaven. He may feel for others, sympathize with others; but there could be nothing despondent or depressing or mournful in that sympathy. What we call the misfortunes of life could have no depressing effect on such a person. The loss of property, the death of friends, even his own death, could in no wise cast him down. The spiritual height attained by Jesus Christ, his entire self-abnegation, his utter unselfishness, must of necessity have made his life a happy one. It could not be otherwise. I have no doubt he was a cheerful man. I doubt not that he was a pleasant companion with whom to go fishing and with whom to live day by day; for the presence and influence of such a character, such a spirit as his, must have been an inspiration, a benediction and a joy to all those around him. I think, by the way, that painters who have undertaken to depict the features of Jesus Christ all have had a misconception of the man—at all events, I have never seen a picture of him

that represented him otherwise than mournful and sad."

"I perfectly agree with you," said the minister, "that spiritually Christ was above and superior to all the ills of this world."

"That implies that there are two kinds of happiness," replied Young, "which I regard as one of the radical errors of mankind—an error, if you'll pardon my saying it, that I think the preachers have done much to create. I believe all happiness is spiritual, and that when one has become spiritually superior to the ills of life he is perforce happy."

"Do you recognize no distinction, then, between spiritual and secular welfare?" asked the minister.

"No, I think there is no difference," said Young. "Spiritual welfare of necessity includes secular welfare and happiness."

"As to Christ being a happy man," said the minister, "you will admit that he underwent great suffering in his life, and especially in his death on the cross?"

"No, I cannot admit even that," said Young; "I do not believe Jesus Christ suffered on the cross. I believe he had acquired such complete mastery over himself—that in him the spirit so entirely controlled the body—that the mutilation of his body did not necessarily cause him suffering."

"It seems to me your conception of Christ is not

that generally entertained by Christians, or, so far as I know, by skeptics," said the minister. "Still, your views involve a recognition of the divinity of Christ."

"Assuredly so," replied Young. "I believe every human being is of divine origin."

"But," said the minister, disturbed at this statement, "if you do away with the miraculous conception of Christ, what is left of the Christian religion?"

"Everything is left of it that is at all helpful or of any value to mankind," replied Young. "Everything is left of it that was taught by Jesus Christ himself. The Christian religion in no wise depends upon a belief in the miraculous conception of its Founder. The true Christian religion is the universal, eternal religion, toward a recognition of which all mankind are tending. In its essence it is the religion of all time and of all mankind. The conception which I have of its great Founder and of his relation to the human race does not degrade him, but elevates humanity."

"But is it not degrading Christ to hold that each of us is or can be equal to him?" asked the minister.

"It is Jesus Christ's own teaching," answered Young. "When he said, 'Be ye therefore perfect even as your father which is in heaven is perfect,' was he giving a command or an injunction incapable of being followed? When he said, 'He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do,' was he insincere?"

When he said, 'Blessed are the pure in heart,' are we to suppose he was speaking of a condition impossible to attain? It seems clear to me that the effect of the teachings of Jesus Christ is that men not only can be, but ought to be, in every way his equals."

The minister sat silent and thoughtful for some time; then, rising, he said, with apparent irrelevancy: "I'm glad I came out here. I feel that I am making progress. Good night."

CHAPTER XV.

CORINNE ROBERTS.

All his life it had been the disposition of Frank Horton to conceal his deeper emotions. The only unreserved confidante he had ever had was his mother. After her death, partly owing to his nature and partly to the circumstances surrounding him, he had grown more and more reticent concerning himself and his feelings. This disposition, or the habit growing out of it, grew on him as he got older.

Up to the time of the runaway in which Dick Briggs took such a prominent part, he had never felt more than a passing admiration for or interest in any woman. He admired women and was deferential toward all the sex; but he had never loved any woman but his mother. He had never given any serious thought to the subject of marriage. While he was far from being a selfish man in the ordinary acceptance of that term, he was engrossed in his work and his literary studies and recreations.

Soon after meeting Corinne Roberts he began to be conscious that a new sensation was stealing over

him. There was something about her that was attractive and fascinating to him. She was not what society calls a beauty; but she was full of that indefinable charm of person and manner which attracts both men and women. From an early age she had been a leader among her associates, without any effort on her part to lead. Modest and unassuming in her manner, she was nevertheless a pattern to her associates. What Corinne Roberts wore was ipso facto stylish and the proper thing to wear. Any place she went was a proper place for girls to go, and was so regarded by her associates and their mothers. It would be a very wrong conclusion to draw from these statements that Corinne was a goody-goody girl. There was nothing about her suggestive of partly developed wings. There was nothing at all doll-like. She was very human from head to foot. In person she was of medium height, with well-rounded form. Her sloping shoulders gave her the appearance of being smaller than she really was. Her complexion, eyes and hair were dark. Her features were regular, but not at all classic. It was not so much to be wondered at that her associates followed her in matters of dress. She was one of the somewhat rare women who set off their clothes and to whom their apparel always seems becoming. A girl who lived at a distance and who was visiting a friend in E—— once remarked, with some asperity: "I believe if Corinne

Roberts wore a dress of red flannel the rest of you girls would all say that was just the proper thing for a dress, and wear it, too."

And there was some basis of truth in the statement. There was that about her which inspired good-will and confidence, not only among young persons but among her elders as well. Perhaps some explanation of her relation to her associates and to people generally might have been found in a remark of one of her schoolmates, who, when told that Corinne Roberts liked a particular person who was not generally popular, replied: "Oh, Corinne Roberts likes everybody." This was largely true. Corinne did like people generally. Her liking extended to little children and dogs and cats and flowers. She had been known to pick up a crying three-year-old boy who had his mother worried nearly out of her wits, give him a little shake and say to him with a smile, "Here, young man, you're missing lots of fun!" and in two minutes have the child wanting to desert his mother and go with her.

But it is impossible to transfer such a personality to paper. The always hopeful disposition, the bright smile, the quiet, sympathetic manner, the low, cheery voice—in short, the person herself must have been met and seen and heard to be understood and appreciated.

For the first time in his life Frank Horton, when

in the presence of Corinne, began to feel the shyness of a boy. He had never experienced this feeling as a boy, for he had never felt any other than a passing friendliness toward any of his girl acquaintances. But he felt a degree of trepidation in approaching Corinne. He trembled when he asked if he might call on her. He was ashamed of himself for the care he gave to his dress and personal appearance when the evening came for him to make the first call. Corinne was frank, open and friendly in her demeanor, and this very fact annoyed Horton. If she had shown some coyness, if she had been a little shy or blushed occasionally, he would have felt bolder and more in command of himself. But she was exasperatingly sister-like in her manner.

Horton had met Dr. Roberts a number of times at the bedside of Dick Briggs. The doctor was a man of few words in his profession. His keen eyes, overhung by bushy eyebrows, gave one the impression of looking clear through and seeing what was on the inside. Mrs. Roberts was a gentle, motherly woman, chiefly anxious that everybody around her should be comfortable. Both she and the doctor shared the general belief that whatever Corinne did was the right thing to do. In fact, they both treated Corinne more like a sister than a daughter. She called her parents Father and Mother and was always deferential and

obedient—so obedient that her parents seldom gave her a command, and rather deferred to her judgment.

The very openness and friendly frankness with which Horton was received by this family irritated him. He noticed that when other people called they were treated just the same way by Corinne and her parents, and he felt aggrieved at that. He determined to stay away, and held to his determination for two whole weeks. Then he called again and was met with the same cheerful friendliness as before. He tried by self-examination to account for his feelings, and failed. It was a long time before he acknowledged to himself that he was in love. Then he tried to shake it off. The disparity in their ages was too great. It would not do for him to marry a girl like that. He tried to reason the matter out in all possible ways; but one evening, when he had been with her for two hours and was about to leave he clasped her to his breast, kissed her and said, "I want you for my wife!" and Corinne, unashamed, returned the kiss, and said, in a low voice: "I want you for my husband!"

This was all very improper and unconventional, but it was the way these two people became engaged. Horton was in the seventh heaven of happiness. He felt sure that the parents would consent; still he had a courteous interview with Dr. Roberts. As Corinne's happiness was the uppermost idea in the mind of both, they had no trouble in agreeing. Thereafter,

Horton was looked upon and treated as a member of the family. He was simply mad with joy. The idea that he was to have for his wife and possess as his very own such a creature as Corinne made him delirious. He trod on air. He was jealous when Corinne kissed her mother on leaving home with him when starting to the theater. He felt offended when her father commanded her to loosen her belt and gruffly remarked that he would have no tight lacing in his family—a command and a remark which Corinne answered with a kiss and a little pull at her father's whiskers.

It was arranged that the wedding should be in May, just about a year after Horton and Corinne had first met. Dr. and Mrs. Roberts joined in asking Horton to live with them, as they had ample house room and much preferred to have their daughter stay with them. Besides, the parents both liked Horton. Corinne one day laughingly told him she was jealous on account of the affection her mother showed for him.

About a week before the time set for their marriage, Horton was called to Cincinnati on a business errand. The evening before his departure was passed at the Roberts household, where he expected soon to make his home. Corinne mentioned that her cousin, Tom Briggs, had asked her to go out fishing with him a day or two later on the lake. As they separated

Horton said, "A week from to-night, darling, we will be living together," and Corinne answered simply: "Yes." With a passionate kiss they parted.

Horton returned from his trip two days later, arriving at about nine o'clock in the evening, and went direct from the depot to the Roberts home. He found no one there but Mrs. Roberts, and she was in distress. Corinne had gone out on the lake with Tom Briggs that afternoon, and they had not returned. The doctor was out looking for them. Horton at once started to the lake. He was uneasy, but not greatly alarmed. Tom was a skillful boatman, but it was very unusual for them to remain out to that time of night. Horton found Dr. Roberts walking along the lake shore and looking very grave. Boats had been sent out to look for the missing ones, but as yet none had returned. For awhile the father and the lover walked the beach with but little conversation. At about two o'clock in the morning one of the boats that had been sent out returned bringing the boat in which Tom Briggs and Corinne had gone out. It had been found upside down about three miles from shore. An icy chill came upon Horton. White, silent, he paced up and down the beach, hardly recognizing the people he met. All that night and all the next day was one long nightmare to him. Toward evening one of his friends took him almost by force to a restaurant and ordered a meal. Horton began eating voraciously, but

in the middle of the meal got up and started for the lake shore, where he resumed his watch. Soon after dark that night the body of Tom Briggs was washed ashore. A little while after some one came with the hat which Corinne had worn, which had been found on the shore some miles away. All that night Horton walked and watched and waited. He had seen the body of Tom Briggs and shuddered. With the gray of the morning he began to have an impression of some shapeless, bloated thing coming ashore with the clothes on which Corinne had worn. He found it impossible to shake off this sensation. It kept growing on him and becoming more vivid until he could no longer bear to stay at the lake. The very sight of the water was agony to him. He went to Mrs. Roberts, who embraced him, crying: "Oh, Frank, my son!" Horton was as cold as ice. He had not shed a tear. He kissed Mrs. Roberts and said: "Good-by, I can't stay."

"Where are you going, Frank?" asked Mrs. Roberts.

"I don't know!" said Horton.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TRAMP.

When Horton left Mrs. Roberts he walked to the depot and stepped on a train. He did not know or care where he was going. The conductor had to call on him the second time for his fare. Horton mechanically handed out his pass. He arrived at Cincinnati some time in the night. Instead of going toward the city he started out along the railroad track. Presently he came to the river and saw a boat. He went aboard. After the boat started some one came around and asked for fare. Horton handed out a bill. "Maysville?" asked the man. Horton nodded. When the boat arrived at Maysville, Kentucky, Horton was asleep. "Here's your place," said the man, shaking him. He got up and went ashore. Walking through the town, he saw the sign of a drug store. He walked in and said: "Give me a quart of whisky." Then he walked straight through the town and out into the country. He drank the whisky in great draughts. He walked. He was fleeing—trying to get away from himself. He slept by the side of a haystack—how

long he never knew. He felt hungry and asked for and got something to eat. He came to a country tavern and asked if they kept whisky.

"That's what we've got," said the proprietor.

Horton got a quart and walked on. He remembered dimly that a long, long time before, in some other life, he had known an editor named Horton who was going to marry a Corinne. In some way this Horton and Corinne were making him trouble. He couldn't recall how or why, but he wanted to forget them. Somehow the very memory of them was painful to him. Why did they persist in intruding on him in this way? He couldn't recall that he was related to either of them. And then Corinne was drowned. He remembered seeing the blackened, bloated corpse. What had become of it? Why must he be constantly annoyed in this way?

A long nightmare followed. How long Horton never knew. He ate, he slept, he walked on and on, he even conversed with people sometimes. There was that overhanging something always oppressing him. Just what it was he could not clearly remember. Once or twice he pinched himself in a dazed way, and felt a dull surprise that one in a dream would do that and feel and remember it. It occurred to him that the appearance of the sunshine, the trees, the grass and flowers, to one asleep, was somewhat like pictures seen through a stereoscope. He could not recall ever

before having dreamed of going asleep and of waking, and it seemed to him a curious thing that he should do so. The people seemed natural to him, though he thought some of the things they said to him and of him in his hearing would be funny if he could remember them when he awoke. It seemed queer to him, too, that all the people were strangers. In former dreams he had always seen and talked with people he knew. When at times glimpses of the past obtruded themselves, recourse to his bottle drove away the ugly visions. The days ran into weeks, and still he kept on.

Walking through a country town one day, he saw the sign of a newspaper and job printing office. He stopped and gazed at it as a man might look if suddenly confronted with his own name on a tombstone. Then he walked into the office and said: "I want work."

"How long have you been on the bum?" asked the proprietor, looking him over.

Horton seemed to try to recall something, but finally shook his head, saying: "Let me work."

"Well, you better wash up and brush your clothes first," said the proprietor, "and then we'll see what you can do."

He soon showed what he could do when he got hold of printing material. There was nothing about the office but what he could do better and more quickly

than any one else there. He was a glutton for work. No hours were too long for him. Extra work seemed to please him. Day after day he worked, doing everything he was set at as if it were a rush order. Sometimes he would suddenly stop, seem to be trying to think of something, then go to his room, which was near the office, and return with a strong odor of liquor about him. He made no effort to hide this, seeming not to look upon it as a vice. When he had been working about three weeks the proprietor said to him:

"See here, Work! Can't you let up on this whisky? You can have as good a job as there is about this office, and better pay than I've been giving you."

"I was just going to tell you I'll have to quit," said Horton.

"I wish you wouldn't do it," said the editor. "Stay here and let me help you!"

"I have to move on," said Horton.

"Can't I offer you any inducement to stay?" asked the editor.

"It isn't that," said Horton. "I'm obliged to you."

Again he was on the tramp. Again he suffered all the pangs of memory—such memory as was left him. The curse of the wandering foot was on him. Wherever he stopped and worked he was recognized as a first-class printer, and in some respects a phenomenon.

He was willing and anxious to do the work of other people. He even relieved the office devil, and gave him half a dollar with which to go to the show, while he did the work of that functionary.

Six weeks was the longest he ever stayed in one place. The proprietor was congratulating himself on having found a jewel when Horton said: "I have to go. Good-by!"

Through Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Arkansas, Texas, he drifted, always avoiding cities and always hunting hard work. Was he sane? Different persons might have given opposite answers. Some persons thought there was something uncanny about him. He took long, lonely walks at night. He rarely talked at any length. And he drank.

He was the best printer that had ever been known wherever he got a job. All the offices where he worked wanted to keep him and all failed. When the time came he had to go on. Nothing would stay him. No offer of wages had any effect on him. What was his name? He could hardly have told. Somebody had called him "Work" soon after his starting out, and that seemed his proper name. He did not know whether he gave it out or people just knew it—he was called Work, and he answered to the name. What did it matter to him, so long as he had whisky?

When he had been following this life a few months his former habit of writing began to assert itself, or

rather the habit of authorship, for without having written a word he would proceed to put in type articles, generally short, proofs of which he would hand to the editor, asking if he wanted to use that. These articles were generally quite unconventional, but were put in choicest English and had a literary charm which made them noticeable. But their author could never be got to write anything at request. He even evaded stating that he was the responsible author of what he handed in, giving it as something he had set up from recollection of what he had once read or heard.

Once when he had gone from Texas up into New Mexico it occurred to him to quit drinking. He had never acquired a taste for whisky. On the contrary, he disliked it, but it brought forgetfulness. During all his wanderings, save the first few weeks, he held to his old habits of personal cleanliness. After every tramp he cleaned himself up and was neat in his person and clothes. He quit the use of liquor for two days. On the third, the memory of the history of Frank Horton rushed upon him and overwhelmed him. He hesitated whether to seek forgetfulness in whisky or a bullet. He reasoned that the life he had been living was worse than wasted. It might as well end now as any other time. Then it occurred to him to quit living for himself and his own grief, and begin living for others. But how? What was there he

could do for anybody? As a matter of fact he was daily doing acts of kindness to his fellow-workmen and all others when he had a chance, but he took no account of these little things and did not think of them. Still the thought clung to him: Live for others.

He decided to do it, and that he might continue to live at all, he got another supply of whisky.

With all his drinking he had never become convivial. He was not stingy. He would give a fellow-workman a drink, and sometimes invite one he liked to his room and share his bottle with him. But he had no taste for hanging about saloons or being with crowds.

After the one time mentioned, he didn't quit drinking. Northward through New Mexico and into Colorado he tramped his way, working a few days here, a few weeks there. For more than a year and a half he had been without an object or a hope, utterly careless as to what the future had in store for him provided only he could forget the past.

Now, the idea of doing something for somebody, of devoting his worthless life to some purpose, had taken possession of him. He thought vaguely of Dick Briggs's rescue of himself, and wished he could in like manner save the life of some one—anybody.

In this mood he started one day for the mining town of G——. It was long after night when he ar-

rived there. He knew it would be useless to go to any printing office before the next day. He dropped into a rough building used for a railroad depot and took a seat. He was asleep when a watchman shook him by the shoulder and told him the company didn't keep that for a lodging house, and there was no train for hours yet. He went on the street and saw an open saloon. Going in, he got a drink at the bar and then took a chair in the back part of the room. Again he dropped asleep and again he was wakened and told to move on. As he passed out he saw by the clock behind the bar that it was after four o'clock. He went out and to another saloon. It was the Redlight. Into this he went with the idea of getting another drink and staying as long as he should be permitted.

There were but three persons in the place. Behind the bar was the bartender, and at a table toward the back of the room were two men, with one of whom the bartender was having loud words. As he passed back toward where the two men sat he recognized in the voice of the man quarreling with the bartender his old friend Dick Briggs. It was the first time since starting out on his tramp that he had seen one he had known before. A new sensation came upon him—shame at being recognized. He dropped into a chair and gazed for a moment at Dick. He had been so startled that the subject of the quarrel had not reached him. As he dropped into his seat epithets

were hurled back and forth between Dick and the bartender, and the latter reached for a big revolver which lay on the shelf behind the bar. Just then a shot rang out and the bartender dropped to the floor. It was Dick who had fired the shot. The moment he saw what he had done he dropped his revolver and he and the man sitting at the table with him rushed out the back door. Horton walked over to the table they had left, picked up the smoking gun and was gazing at it mechanically when some one grabbed him, took the gun away from him and said: "Who'd you shoot at?"

And Horton muttered to himself: "My chance to get even."

CHAPTER XVII.

NO. 3708.

When John Doe began his life sentence in the Colorado penitentiary he was a different man from the one who had been arrested charged with the murder of Phil Ditson. In the time since his arrest he had become thoroughly sobered from the effects of whisky, for the first time in nearly two years. This was true to such an extent that the mere idea of taking a drink was distasteful to him. He did not feel that he had done anything so very creditable in taking the course he had with reference to the killing of the bartender. What he had offered up was a life worse than useless, and one he felt would not have lasted long as he was living it. It seemed to him fortunate that something had occurred to break up suddenly and forcibly the life he had been living. If no one else had been benefited by his act, the advantage to himself was sufficient compensation.

Did Dick Briggs know of his incarceration, or that anybody had been convicted for what he had done? He hoped not, for it wasn't at all like the old Dick he

had known to stand back and shirk responsibility. Still, if Dick did know, it was all right. There was no complaint, no grudge against Dick or anybody else. He had fully made up his mind to spend the rest of his life in prison. Perhaps he could do some good there, though he had no definite notion then of the way.

At first he was a puzzle both to the officers and to his fellow-prisoners. The officers, who knew the crime for which he was sent there and the circumstances of his trial and conviction, were inclined to be suspicious at the cheerful docility and apparent content of the new prisoner. They thought he might be trying to win their confidence in furtherance of some deep-laid scheme of his own. They soon became convinced of his entire sincerity, however, and then they were more puzzled than before. He was evidently a man of more than ordinary education and refinement, as they learned by noticing his penmanship and the books he chose from the prison library. Yet he seemed to be perfectly contented, did whatever work he was set at cheerfully and in the most thorough manner, and lived up to the prison regulations like a man who had been accustomed to obeying them all his life. When, after he had been there some time, he was given clerical work to do in connection with acting for the time being as librarian, he filled both places so well that he was kept there.

To the prisoners he was a novelty. The prison had a few men who were as well educated as he, but none others just like him.

Even among prisoners a man's real character soon becomes known. No. 3708 was rated among them as being, in their language, "all right." He treated each of them with as much kindness as if they were all outside the prison and he were a business man seeking their custom.

When he had been there some time another prisoner was sent up from the same county where he had been convicted. Immediately word spread among the prisoners (for news does spread among them somehow) of how No. 3708 had acted at his trial. Soon the impression went around that he "never killed nobody." It could not be said who first voiced this notion, but it prevailed among the convicts. One day when he and another prisoner were privileged to talk, the man made this belief among the prisoners known to him. He listened quietly, made no reply and at once changed the conversation to another subject.

The warden of the penitentiary had been closely observing him, and whether from sympathy with the prevailing sentiment among the convicts or from his own observations, or both, he began to have the same opinion as to the prisoner's guilt.

But there was one man connected with the institu-

tion who conceived a deep dislike for No. 3708. Strange to say, it was the chaplain. It came about in this way: During the first three or four months of his imprisonment the prisoner had at various times talked with a number of his fellow-convicts. At such times he did not exhort them or even talk religion to them, but he always aimed to draw their attention away from their surroundings and to drop a word that, without his appearing to teach, would cause them to think of other and better things.

On Sunday afternoons the prisoners were privileged to hold a meeting at which any who wished might speak. Sometimes they called on each other to take part. The chaplain had one day preached a sermon on the universal degeneracy of man, showing that all mankind are by nature depraved and prone to sin, and that the only means of escaping this natural depravity and the only hope of salvation after death is the acceptance of the means of grace through the blood of the Lamb.

At their next Sunday afternoon meeting some of the prisoners who had talked with No. 3708 wanted to hear from him, and called on him to say something. He talked modestly, but with entire confidence.

Among other things he said: "We prisoners, shut off as we are from association with the people of the world at large, are apt to feel that we are also shut

off from God. Nothing could be a greater mistake. Human agencies, forces outside of ourselves, may confine our bodies here. But no human agency outside ourselves can keep us away from God or keep us out of a conscious relationship with God.

"We are here presumably because some law of the state has been violated. The divine law needs no penitentiaries or jails to enforce obedience. Every violation of this law carries with it its own penalty and each person metes out to himself his own punishment. Moreover, the divine law is not broken. We may break ourselves upon it, but the law remains intact—eternal.

"The notion that we are born into the world degraded, sinful and predisposed to go contrary to God's law seems to me an error.

"I believe, on the contrary, that it is natural for each of us to be in harmony with nature—that is to say, with God; to be good, not bad; to do righteousness and not evil.

"The practical thing for each of us to do is not to waste time in anguish of spirit over the past, but to realize the ever-present, all-pervading love of our common Father. God's presence within us and about us is a reality as much as is the existence of the atmosphere.

"If we can accept this truth and live in appreciation of it, we shall at once, prisoners though we be,

come into a freedom of the soul beside which the liberty of our bodies to go where we will is a small matter."

He had been given the closest attention, and when he sat down some of his listeners took a long breath.

The chaplain was annoyed. It was not customary to rebuke any one there, but he said: "I trust the brother who has just spoken will yet see the error of his views, repent and come to Christ, 'for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.'"

The convicts seemed not to be impressed just as the chaplain was. They took an evident interest in what had been said, and showed their interest by insisting at every subsequent meeting on hearing from No. 3708, until it became customary for him to give them a weekly lecture of ten or fifteen minutes in length. His talks were full of love and spirituality, but thoroughly unorthodox. In the hearts of nearly all his hearers he had superseded the chaplain. The latter saw this, and was bitter in his heart toward the man who, himself a convict, was leading away from the right path the few who had professed religion.

An incident soon occurred, however, which greatly relieved the chaplain. When No. 3708 had served a little more than six months of his life sentence, he was one day summoned to the warden's office, and there introduced to the governor of the state. It

seemed to him the governor shook hands with more heartiness than he would have expected to be shown toward a convict. The governor looked at him searchingly as they shook hands, and then, after asking him to be seated, said:

"Let me ask you one or two questions: Did you shoot the man for whose killing you were sent here?"

As the prisoner hesitated the governor added: "I've learned that you were silent at your trial, but some doubt has been raised as to your guilt, and if you're an innocent man you ought not to be here."

For a moment a passionate longing for liberty took possession of the prisoner. The next instant the thought came that if he were released as innocent the real culprit would be hunted and likely found. Would he now undo all he had done for Dick, and thus regain his lost freedom? In five seconds he had decided. He answered quietly and firmly: "Pardon me, governor, but I don't care to make any statement on that subject."

"Pardon you? That's what I had thought of doing, possibly, but I want your statement."

"I meant 'excuse me from answering,'" said the prisoner, with a smile.

After looking at him a few moments the governor said: "Another question: Do you know a man named Richard T. Briggs, or one named John McCoy?"

For the first time during the interview the prisoner exhibited some emotion as he replied: "I must again ask to be excused from answering."

The governor got up impatiently, walked across the room and held a conversation in a low tone with the warden. Then he returned, and, drawing a paper from his coat pocket, handed it to the prisoner, saying: "I'd have taken greater pleasure in doing this Mr.—Doe, if you had shown a little more interest in yourself. That is an unconditional pardon."

The prisoner turned pale and said in a low voice: "Thank you, governor." Then, as he mechanically looked over the document, he said: "I will answer your first question now. I did not shoot that man."

"I'm satisfied of that," said the governor, "or I wouldn't have issued the pardon, but I can't imagine why an innocent man should act as you've done." The prisoner remaining silent, the governor added: "I may as well tell you that the man Briggs says he did the shooting, and McCoy corroborates the story. They both claim it was done in self-defense. Briggs says he was afraid of being lynched by the Buck Brady gang and skipped out, and as soon as he heard that you had been convicted and sent up he came to me, told his story and surrendered himself. But he has no idea who you are."

"Their story is exactly true," said the prisoner.

"The bartender was reaching for his gun when he was shot."

"But why didn't you tell this before?" asked the governor.

"You wouldn't understand," said the prisoner, "without a long explanation. My life was worthless at that time, and—Briggs had once done me a great kindness."

The governor gave a whistle ending in a falling scale. "Well," he said, "I've seen some strange phases of life here in the west, but that beats my time."

It was Saturday afternoon. The prisoner having expressed a wish to take leave of some of the other convicts, the warden said:

"A good many of them will want to say good-by to you. Why not stay over Sunday, not as a prisoner, but as my guest, and meet them to-morrow afternoon? They'll want to hear you, anyway." It was so arranged.

The warden was right. They did want to hear him. Happy is the preacher who has so large and so sympathetic an audience as No. 3708 had that Sunday. For twenty minutes he held their undivided attention. They knew he had been pardoned, and when at the close of his address he spoke of it as the last he would be likely to make to them, many of his hearers were visibly affected. The warden having given permission to all to take leave of him, for half an hour

they gave him an ovation. Some with moist eyes gave him a silent pressure of the hand. Many expressed the hope to meet him when their time expired. One old man said: "I'm a lifer, and it ain't likely I'll ever get out to see you, but you've made life better for all of us here." The general sentiment was pretty accurately expressed by one convict who remarked to his neighbor as they passed out of the room: "I'm glad he's got his pardon all right enough, but I wish we could trade off our parson for him."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LARGER FAITH.

When Rev. Mr. Winter had been at Young's ranch two months he said one day to Young: "I feel perfectly well and able to return to Ohio, but I should like to stay here awhile longer, if you'll keep me."

"Your company has been a pleasure to Ned and me, and we'll be glad to have you stay as long as you feel like it," replied Young.

"Sure!" assented Ned.

"Then I want to pay you two months' board," said the minister. "What will be right?"

"Oh," said Young, "the extra expense to us is almost nothing; just stay as our guest."

"No; I'd like to live with you awhile, but I must pay my way," said the minister.

"Well, if you feel that way, \$10 a month will cover all the expense," said Young.

"That seems to me too little. I'm perfectly willing to pay \$20 a month," replied the minister, handing out two bills of that denomination.

"We'll compromise at \$15," said Young, and he

added, smiling: "We shall hope your stay will be extended, for at that rate we'll be making money off you."

Mr. Winter's improvement had, indeed, been rapid. From the day of his arrival he had begun to eat well and sleep well. Soon he began to take walks and to chop wood. He had carried on the last-named exercise to such an extent that Young told him he had a year's supply on hand.

The following extract from a letter he wrote to his wife shortly after the incident above related will show something of how he felt in other respects:

"I do not attach much importance to the doctor's injunction not to think of returning for several months; for I feel as well as I ever did and am satisfied there is nothing the matter with my lungs. Still, if you all remain well I want to stay here awhile, possibly for a few months.

"I have told you that Mr. Young, with whom I am staying, impresses me as being an extraordinary man. I have learned nothing of his history save that he was born in New York. He seems not to wish to talk of himself, and of course I would not question him. I feel sure that he is not in hiding, for he is not only one of the best men, but one of the most spiritual men I have ever met. Seeing him out at work with his rough clothes on, one might take him for a common laborer or a ranchman. Get him started to talking on books in his pleasant sitting room of an evening and

you'd think him some professor of English literature living out here in disguise.

"But it is another side of this many-sided man that interests me most, and that, in truth, is keeping me here now. When I came here I found on his table a well-worn bible and a copy of Cruden's Concordance, the same I have used. On the book shelves were Matthew Henry's and Meyer's Commentaries on the Bible, besides several books and many articles in periodicals which I had never read touching modern criticism of the bible. Mr. Young never makes a display of his knowledge on any subject, and is difficult to draw out at times, but I found when I succeeded in getting him started that he has been a profound student not only of the bible but of religion. I do not think he belongs to any church, but there are few men so well fitted to teach religion. I must say to you frankly, my dear, that after having been twenty-five years in the ministry I am not sure but this western ranchman knows more of God than I have learned. I am going to stay here with a view of learning. I have not told Mr. Young anything of this, and shall not, but I confess to you that some things he has said have made me feel that a large part of all my work has been devoted to the mere shell of religion. I grieve to think that this is true, but I have always tried to live up to my honest convictions and I mean to do that now.

"I am taking a second course in theology, then, with a man for a teacher who was never in a theological seminary, probably, and who would admit being unorthodox. And that reminds me: The only harsh things I have heard him say were directed at orthodoxy, which he looks upon as opposed to re-

ligion. Usually he seems to have a boundless charity for all mankind and for everything. He has a remarkable faculty of arousing love toward himself. The very animals love him and the people here who know him seem almost to reverence him. I cannot account for it, unless it is because he loves others, and love begets love."

This letter created no anxiety in the mind of Mrs. Winter. She had unbounded faith in her husband, and was confident not only that he would do what was right, but also that he would know what was right. She was gratified at the news of his good health, and filled with curiosity to see that Mr. Young who had made such an impression on the mind of her husband.

While Young did not avoid the subject of religion in talking with Rev. Mr. Winter, he felt reluctant to obtrude his views upon the minister. He never suspected that the minister was trying to learn of him. In the few talks they had had on matters touching religion his arguments had been combated by Mr. Winter, and Young took it for granted that the minister regarded his views as unorthodox and, therefore, unsound. He feared he had once or twice exceeded the bounds of courtesy when drawn out by the minister's arguments. For the idea of making a convert of Mr. Winter or of trying to change any of his beliefs never entered Young's mind. The minister was

much older than himself, had been in the ministry a long time, and doubtless had well-settled views on all matters touching religion.

Still, of late he noticed that Mr. Winter seemed disposed to talk on such subjects, and also much disposed to listen. It occurred to Young that the minister had determined to make a convert of him, and he resolved, if further pressed, to speak out frankly and openly.

Opportunities were not lacking. One evening the minister said to him: "I have never heard you speak of the miracles performed by Jesus Christ. Do you believe in them?"

"Yes, and no," answered Young. "To get any understanding of the miracles of Jesus we must remember in the first place that we have a very imperfect account of him and his life—an account which probably does him less than justice, even where it attempts to do him more. All we have are mere fragmentary statements of what He said and did, written years after the occurrences.

"In those times the belief in the supernatural was universal. Miracles were attributed to very many persons besides Jesus. But what are miracles? You say something supernatural. Strictly speaking, there is not and never was anything supernatural, and yet the world to-day is full of natural-supernaturalism. We do not even yet know much about nature. A few

years ago the idea that persons hundreds of miles distant from each other could speak and recognize each other's voices would have seemed necessarily to involve a miracle. We now know it is entirely in accordance with the laws of nature, and the Pharaohs might have had the telephone had the people of that day known as much of nature in this respect as do the people of to-day. You have seen what are called birthmarks?"

"Yes, frequently," replied the minister.

"What causes them?" asked Young.

"Well, I have always understood they were accounted for by a pre-natal condition of the mother," said the minister.

"That is to say, a condition of the mother's mind?"

"Yes," said the minister, "some strong impression on the mother's mind."

"Is every birthmark a miracle?" asked Young.

"No; they are not regarded as miracles," said the minister.

"No, because they are common," said Young. "And yet every birthmark, in its last analysis, is the result of a thought, of the effect of mind upon matter. Is not that so?"

"Yes, I suppose it is," assented the minister.

"You have perhaps heard soldiers say, as I have, that many men in the army died of pure homesickness, without having any physical ailment?"

"Yes, I have been told of such cases. Some of my acquaintances were said to have died in that way," said the minister.

"I have simply mentioned these as some of the hundreds of instances we have at hand of the effect of the mind, or of spirit, upon matter. Now, a number of the miracles of Jesus consisted in the casting out of devils, or demons, the belief in which was universal. At that time, too, the insane and demented of that country wandered about at will—as they do, in fact, to this day. Is it to be wondered at that upon such people—those supposing themselves to be filled with devils and those who were demented—the personality of Jesus, of which we have so imperfect a description, should have had a soothing, quieting, or, if you please, a healing effect? Jesus undoubtedly healed many others whose ills, like the ills of to-day, were largely mental rather than physical. His biographers evidently considered it necessary to invest him with supernatural powers, and the same power was claimed in those times for numerous other persons. Jesus Himself never made such a claim, and more than once shrank from appearing to perform miracles and from getting the name of doing so, enjoining those around him to say nothing about it.

"If you ask me, then, if I believe Jesus healed the sick, made the blind to see and the lame to walk, I answer unhesitatingly, Yes. I believe he did all these

things in a natural way, and that they are all being done to-day in a natural way, without the use of medicines.

"If you ask me if I believe Jesus ever did anything which was in its strict sense supernatural and incapable of being performed to-day, I answer, No. I repeat, however, that our knowledge of nature and of natural powers and possibilities is yet so limited that it is difficult for us, even now, to say what is a miracle.

"All nature is a miracle, so far as our ability to explain the processes of nature is concerned. We know that in the springtime the sap goes upward in tree life. We know that upon the rosebush the bud begins to swell and finally develops into the full-blown rose; that upon the grapevine is developed by slow and imperceptible degrees the perfect bunches of ripened grapes. But how this is done or why it is so is absolutely as far beyond our ken as is the turning of water into wine. So far as the *how* and *why* are concerned—that is to say, when it comes to explaining the process by which results are brought about—the resurrection of Lazarus after he had been dead four days was no greater miracle than is the coming into life and birth of a child."

For a time they sat silent. Then the minister said: "It seems to me your views on miracles and your disbelief in the supernatural are inconsistent with a be-

lief in special providences. You will admit, will you not, that God at times intervenes directly in the affairs of this world?"

"Not as you state it," replied Young. "My belief is broader than that. I believe that God, through established law, controls and directs the universe at all times."

"So do I," said the minister. "I believe, too, in special providences."

"That is to say," asked Young, "that the natural order of things is suspended or changed by Deity at particular times or places?"

"Yes, if you choose to put it that way," replied the minister.

"Let us see," said Young. "God is unchangeable. God's laws, which are the laws of nature, the laws governing the universe, are immutable. Now, that for particular purposes or upon special occasions an unchangeable God would or could suspend or alter the operation of immutable laws is to me unthinkable."

"But, Mr. Young, isn't all this destructive of the very basis of the Christian religion?"

"Certainly not," replied Young. "As I once before said, I look upon true Christianity as the final religion of mankind, embodying as it does in its essentials the essence of all true religion. In my judgment, the greatest hindrance to the wider diffusion of

the Christian religion among mankind to-day is the foolish insistence, on the part of those who assume to speak for it, upon impossible beliefs in non-essential miracles and senseless supernaturalism."

At another time, after the minister had been drawing Young out on similar questions for a time, he said:

"What do you call your religious belief or doctrine?"

"It would be a mistake," replied Young, "for you to suppose that my belief is either original with or peculiar to myself. There is nothing esoteric about it. I believe there are thousands, many of them from force of habit or of conventionality in the churches, who share my belief. I have never heard it given a name, but if I were to designate it I should call it—the larger faith."

"Is it not a misnomer to call it a larger faith when there are so many things you don't believe which are believed by the churches?"

"I do not think so," answered Young. "A belief is not necessarily large because it includes a great number of small things, especially if those things are not founded in reason and are unimportant if true. To me this faith of ours seems infinitely higher, deeper, broader, than the professed belief of any of the churches. It is as wide as the universe and does

not limit God by investing him with human qualities, frailties and passions."

"I believe I'll take a walk," said the minister, after a pause. "I feel the need of fresh air."

For a long time he walked in the starlight of the cloudless New Mexican night. As he walked, he experienced an exaltation of spirit. His mental horizon seemed to expand, his spiritual vision to be clarified. Never had religion as a part of man's nature seemed to him of so great importance as it seemed then. Never had he so clearly perceived the utter littleness and unimportance of all creeds.

In the days that followed Young and his guest had many long talks which need not be recorded here.

When at the end of five months Rev. Mr. Winter took his departure he said to Young: "For the rest of my life I am going to preach the larger faith."

CHAPTER XIX.

MAUDE.

From a very remote period in history writers have from time to time noted the effects upon the lives of men and nations of what in themselves seemed to be very trifling incidents. It is said the course of a stream has been changed by a pebble; that a decisive battle was once lost because the dinner of the commander on one side was badly cooked. A good many years ago attention was called to the extensive conflagration which might originate in a small fire. Certain it is that what seem to be very small circumstances are often the starting points of more or less important events.

At the boarding-house where Darrell made his home there lived a Mr. North, a gentleman of independent means and no family. This Mr. North was about fifty-five years old, very regular in his habits and fond of a game of whist, which he generally managed to have in the evening. During the three years he and Darrell had lived in the same house they had become well acquainted, and, for persons so dissim-

ilar in age, rather chummy. Mr. North was in everything a thoroughgoing conservative. He was opposed on principle to innovations, whether in politics, religion, business or social matters. He had some pet theories, one of which was that all men act from selfish motives. Selfishness, he argued, was the main-spring of all action, whether of governments, communities or individuals. It is but fair to him to say that in his daily life he did not seem to exemplify his own theory. He was generous, kind-hearted and careful not to offend others or infringe on their rights. Still, he insisted that he was selfish, like everybody else. When one day Darrell, referring to some beneficence which the old gentleman had conferred, taxed him with not living up to his own theory, he replied:

"You take a wrong view altogether. I do these things simply because it gives me pleasure to do them. It is pure selfishness on my part."

Darrell one evening remarked that the next day he had to go to the city of E——.

"How long are you going to be in E——?" asked Mr. North.

"One day, possibly two," answered Darrell.

"I have an old college classmate up there," said Mr. North, "whom I have not seen for years, Tom Briggs, a druggist. I wish you'd call on him if you get time. I'll give you a note of introduction."

"I'll have time to see him," said Darrell.

When Darrell had finished his business for the day at E—— he called on Mr. Briggs at his drug store and presented the letter of introduction. Mr. Briggs, having read the letter, treated Darrell cordially, asked many questions about their friend North, and before he left invited him to take dinner and spend the evening with the Briggs family, an invitation which Darrell accepted.

That evening he met Mrs. Briggs and Miss Maude Briggs. He had accepted the invitation almost perfunctorily, and largely because he had nothing else to do. Before the evening was over, however, he felt it would have been a great misfortune to him not to have met this family, while at the same time it seemed to him he had never appeared to so great disadvantage. Although he was not what is called a society man, he was yet quite accustomed to the usages of polite society and to associating with people at various social functions. He was neither a boy nor a neophyte in matters social, and yet when for the first time he met Maude Briggs he felt himself blushing and at a loss for something to say. He tried to shake off this feeling and regain his usual composure, but with poor success. He felt irritated that neither his friend North nor the girl's father had told him there was a Miss Briggs, so that he might not have been taken by surprise.

In the course of the evening Darrell, more for the purpose of trying to get relief from the embarrassment which annoyed and irritated him than because he wanted to hear any piano playing, asked Miss Briggs to favor them with some music.

The truth was that Darrell had once thought he liked music, but at the boarding-house where he lived was a Miss Crites who was accustomed to sit down and thump the piano from one end of the keyboard to the other in a way that exhibited great facility in the use of her fingers, but was anything but pleasing to Darrell. He thought she could play anything in the world—but music. And then she had a voice—such a voice! She could sing, he had often heard it said, away up to high something, he had forgotten what, but it was considerably higher than the point—if there was a point—at which her voice sounded well to him. She professed to be fond of “Annie Laurie,” and Darrell had heard her often sing in a voice which could be heard somewhere in the next block:

“Mac Swelton’s bra-a-ays are baw-ne-e-e——”

till he wished old Mac Swelton and his brays had never been invented.

When Darrell asked Maude Briggs to play she didn’t say that she was out of practice; she didn’t run the piano stool either up or down. She seated herself,

and instead of the preliminary chase up and down the keys which Darrell was expecting she touched the keys as if she loved them, and glided off quietly into one of Mendelssohn's songs without words. The girl evidently had plebeian tastes, for after one or two other melodies Darrell found himself listening to the tune of an old song not at all fashionable and scornfully rejected by most pianists as not being classic. Even this old song Miss Briggs played without those variations in which amateur pianists so love to indulge. When she had finished the tune Darrell asked her to sing, and in answer to an inquiry as to what kind of songs he liked he said—unblushing liar that he had become—that "Annie Laurie" was one of his favorites. After a short prelude Miss Briggs sang the song with subdued feeling and, as Darrell thought, with the finest taste. It may have been in a lower key than Miss Crites used; certain it was that Miss Briggs didn't squeal on the high notes.

Darrell was for once entirely sincere in expressing the pleasure he felt in listening to both the playing and singing.

Before taking his leave of the Briggs family Darrell was intrusted with various messages of good will to Mr. North and—what was much more important to him—was asked to come and see them whenever he should be in the city. He was not exactly lying when he said he expected to be in E—— again within a

month, though before coming to that house he **had** no such expectation.

He was in E—— again within the time he had stated, and he spent another evening at the Briggs household. About a fortnight later he was there again. After the first few visits he quit giving Ananias reasons for coming to E—— so often, and it is to the credit of his intelligence that he had sense enough to quit this in time to preserve some reputation for veracity with the Briggs family.

After awhile, in some way, Darrell and Maude Briggs got to writing letters to each other. Then, in the first letter after one of his visits, he addressed her as "My Dear Maude," and in her reply, sent the day after the receipt of his letter, she addressed him as "My Dear John." But why prolong the recital? It was in the case of these two young people the story as old as humanity, yet as new as the freshly opened rose. "All the world loves a lover," because in every pure love, whether of man and woman for each other, of parent for child or of man for mankind, there is something of divinity—something which makes the lover God-like. And thus it is that while hatreds and enmities are forgotten, while memories of nations and of human greatness are lost, the story of love will have an ever-renewed interest so long as man is man.

Darrell could not long keep to himself the secret

of his great happiness. He first told his friend North, who promptly claimed all the credit of the arrangement on account of his letter of introduction, a claim which Darrell admitted without argument. In writing to Young he said at the end of his letter:

“I supposed myself to be a confirmed bachelor when I saw you—at any rate, I had no idea of marrying. Since then I have met and become engaged to the sweetest woman in the world. The time of our marriage is not fixed yet, but it will be about next April or May. Can’t you arrange to come to our wedding?”

When Young got this letter he had been thinking seriously of leaving his ranch, at least for a time. He felt that he had mastered himself, or, as he put it, that he had learned to possess his soul. He had not fully decided where he would go or what he would do, but the idea of doing what he could to help others, which had first taken possession of him long before, had now become a fixed purpose. He had been waiting to be sure of himself. Now it was only a question of where to go and what to do.

Ned Long, since being at the ranch, had made such progress in his studies that he was a well-informed young man of his age, especially in history, in which study he took a keen delight. In the matter of looking after Young’s property Ned was even more care-

ful than Young himself. Young knew that everything left in Ned's care would be as safe as if he were there. In this frame of mind he answered Darrell's letter, congratulating him heartily, and adding:

"It is quite probable I shall accept your invitation and be present at your wedding. You once asked if I intended to remain here always. I have been thinking for some time of going away, but have not decided just where. I shall probably leave here in the spring, for a time at least.

"By the way, you did not mention the name of your fiancée. I presume she lives in C—— and the wedding is to be there, as you said nothing to the contrary."

When Darrell called on Maude after receiving this letter he told her he had invited to the wedding his western ranchman friend who had taken care of him when he had a sprained ankle, and of whom he had spoken to her before.

"I shall be glad to see him," said Maude, "and to thank him for what he did for you. But what will he look like if he comes? Will he wear his cow-boy clothes?"

"I don't think we need worry about his looks or his clothes," answered Darrell. "The probability is that he'll outshine the other men present, including the groom."

"I'm not afraid of that," said Maude, "but I want to see him."

Darrell wrote a short letter to Young, in the course of which he said:

"The truth is, I was too happy to be very coherent when I wrote to you last. I'm still happy, but I'll try to be coherent this time. The name of my affianced wife is Maude Briggs, and her home is in E——, Ohio, up on the lake, you know. The wedding will be at her home, of course. I have told Maude of you, and she is anxious to meet you and thank you for what you did for me."

Alas for the man who thinks he has mastered himself! When Young got this letter it brought back with a rush all his past life, all his past anguish, and his first impulse was to go over to Vigil's and take a drink. Then the time subsequent to his great grief passed before him, and he said to himself: "No, whatever of hell I suffer hereafter, whisky will not be any part of it." Hastily mounting his horse, he started for the ranch at a pace that made the bystanders look on in surprise.

"Goes off like he'd been sent for sudden," remarked one.

"They say that gray can go to his ranch in a little over'n hour," said another.

"Y' ought to see th' way he takes care of his horse,

though," put in another. "When he gets home a big blanket goes on, covers the horse from head to tail, 'nd it stays on for'n hour; then th' horse gets a feed."

"I don't believe in sidewheelers, generally," said the first speaker; "they can't stand the racket; but that one of Young's is a good one all right enough."

"Young says the only trouble is they ride so easy that fellers ride 'em to death without knowin' it," said one of the lookers-on.

"Don't know but he's right," said another. "His gray c'n stay with any of 'em, anyhow."

That evening Young said to Ned Long: "Ned, did you ever drink anything—beer or whisky or wine?"

"No, I never did," said Ned.

"I wouldn't, if I were you," said Young. "You're most likely to take the first drink from a desire to be friendly; then when you feel a little excited, either very good or very bad. I wouldn't drink at all."

Young seldom gave advice to Ned unless asked. Ned was so anxious to please and to follow his guardian that it wasn't necessary.

After what Young said Ned would have lost a limb rather than take a drink of liquor.

A few days later Young wrote to Darrell saying: "I will be at your wedding. Let me know the date in ample time."

CHAPTER XX.

THE HERETIC.

When Rev. David Winter returned to C—— from New Mexico he was urged by many members of his last congregation again to accept the pastorate of the First Presbyterian church. The church had not been in a flourishing condition since Mr. Winter's resignation. The church debt had been such a burden that the congregation had felt unable to employ a regular pastor, and the pulpit was filled—or partially filled—from week to week with "supplies."

To all of those who asked Mr. Winter to accept a call from the congregation he replied that he expected to withdraw from the Presbyterian ministry and from the church and become an independent preacher. Some of those to whom he made this statement were greatly shocked; others, after talking with him, approved his course and expressed an intention of attending his church, provided he preached in that city. In the course of a few weeks a number of persons had become sufficiently interested to look around for an auditorium with a view of having him preach

to them. Finding no other suitable room, they secured the use of a theater, and the first meeting was announced for the next Sunday.

Mr. Winter found himself facing a large audience upon his first appearance as an independent preacher. Very diverse motives had brought the members of the assembly together. Some of them were former attendants at the church where Mr. Winter had last preached, who believed in him and in his preaching; some were persons who had heard something of his treatment by the officers of his former congregation and who wanted to hear him "give it to the Presbyterians," while still others, knowing of his withdrawal from the ministry and the church to which he had belonged, expected that he would take a fling at religion generally. Darrell had induced his friend North to go with him, though after some grumbling on the part of the old gentleman.

"Why couldn't the damned preacher stick to his knitting," he said, "and preach where he belonged? I don't have much use for religion, but when I do have, my mother's bible will be good enough for me!"

"By the way," said Darrell, "what did you pay that oculist \$17 for yesterday?"

"Why, for fitting my eyes with a pair of glasses. They're fine ones, too—each one exactly suited to the eye. That fellow understands his business."

"Why didn't you get a pair of glasses like your

parents did?" said Darrell. "You could have got them ready made for about 80 cents and saved something over \$16."

"You're going to the dogs, John, fast," growled the old man. "Glasses and religion haven't anything to do with each other, and you know it."

With but few preliminaries Mr. Winter announced his text and preached a sermon about twenty-five minutes in length, which is here given in full:

"'If we love one another, God dwelleth in us and His love is perfected in us.' I. John, iv., 12.

"The Garden of Eden story is so familiar that we need not rehearse its details. As an example of ancient literature it is of great interest and value. It is dramatic in quality. It is poetic in its style. It is artistic in its arrangement of the plot and in its adjustment of dramatic action. But theology has chosen to make it also an inspired proclamation of the origin of sin and of saving religion for the human race.

"The masses of Jewish and Christian people have indorsed this estimate of the story. We have unhesitatingly accepted it as the fundamental enactment of the Christian religion. We base our systems of theology upon it. We plant our churches upon its statements. It inspires our catechisms. It determines our confessions of faith and our articles of belief. We have held it in superstitious reverence. We have been taught that it would be sacrilegious, and so

dangerous to our eternal interests, for us to venture to criticise this story. And so we have given it little rational study. Possibly it may be excusable in us to investigate the story and the claims set up for it with a little more care than we have been doing. If it is found to be rational and profitable, it will thus become of greater value for us. If it is in any manner irrational, then we cannot afford either to believe it ourselves or to attribute its authority to God. Such a study must not be in the spirit of impious denunciation; nor yet of superstitious veneration. We must sincerely seek to understand the rational value of this Garden story.

“Laying prejudice aside, we must concede that this story is not in harmony with modern knowledge of the orderly forces of nature as they are manifest in the process of creation. If the plot of the story were to be recast so that it might harmonize with the accepted science of evolution it would become a new story. For the story of the Garden and the story of science cannot be tortured into harmony of interpretation. But this point we do not wish to enlarge upon. It is mentioned merely to show that the story of the Garden cannot be rationally estimated as an inerrant transcript of inspiration. And so our most reverent acceptance of it as such can determine neither the fact of our moral righteousness nor of our religious fidelity.

“‘By their fruits ye shall know them’ is the New Testament rule of judgment. Under the terms of this rule we may estimate the value of each human institution according to the measure and quality of its applied force or influence. Because Cæsar and Cæsarism have not been of value to human society we judge that it were better to abandon them. If Jesus and his religion have been of value then we may estimate them as worthy of approval and perpetuation. Has the theology which represents the story of Eden actually accomplished good results for humanity? Has it done for man all which his welfare has required? In answer we are compelled to admit that it has signally failed to meet the issues raised in the facts of social deformity. Nor has it kept up to the line of the ideal concept of human achievement. It has been weighed in the balance, and it is found to be wanting.

“And so the Christian of to-day cannot be satisfied with the superstitious religion of creed and ceremony of the past. He asks for a living religion. He wants a Christlike Christianity. And such a religion has not been found in association with the story of the Garden.

“But the God of the Garden story is not the God of whom Jesus told us during his ministry in Palestine. From Eden comes the story of an angry and vengeful God. From Galilee we hear the story of a Father who will not break the bruised reed; whose heart follows

the prodigal son with the prayer of affection, and never with a curse or a threat.

“And here we meet two distinct types of religion. We cannot indorse them both. In genius they are repellent and not homogeneous. One of them has been given a test of four thousand years. And it has not been a success. Its history is a tragedy of failure. It has told man only of an angry God who holds over him the menace of an eternal threat. This of necessity has taught him either to hate or to fear God. And surely neither one of these emotions can refine human lives. It has told all human beings that they are vile and worthless rebels; sinners who are fit only to associate with devils in hell. There is no more positive way for training the child into a life of sin than to constantly tell him how very vile he is. Under such religious influences it is not strange that sin has not been erased and society purified. The only wonder is that the beneficent forces of nature have been able, in spite of such adverse influences, to keep our race in the ordained pathway of its ever-increasing excellency.

“Why, then, shall we not turn away from this dreadful tragedy and seek to usher in among men the religion of the loving son of a loving God? Superstition has already ruled the thought of the world too long. It is but natural that in its far-away beginnings human thought should have been largely, and possi-

bly wholly, superstitious. In the light of modern knowledge we have no right to assume that our race was initiated into this world in possession of its highest possible measure of attainment. And so we cannot regard mankind at the present day as the depraved offspring of initial ancestors who were physically and mentally and morally perfect beings, who afterward fell from such heights of quality, into such depths of depravity, as to fasten the hereditary guilt of hopeless and damning sin upon each soul of the oncoming generations of their offspring. But we are rather to consider humanity as slowly but surely advancing along an ever upward pathway. And this is leading man away from the lower conditions of his primitive estate and into such possibilities as we at present may not be able to foretell.

“And so in his primal weakness and ignorance it is but natural that man’s concepts should have been superstitious in quality. They must have been so. He could not have grasped the sublime facts which nature is revealing to men to-day. He could not understand nature. And so he invented for himself the supernatural. He planted a superhuman God on a supernatural throne as master and monarch among the forces which he felt, and which to him appeared to be in antagonism among themselves.

“And this supernatural God, invested with supernatural power and authority, was for him a satis-

factory explanation of the varied phenomena by which he found himself surrounded. Such a being of course might exercise rightful authority over man. It was his right to command. And it was man's duty to obey. In case of man's disobedience then God must be angry. And then it became his rightful duty to punish the wrongdoer. It was also his privilege to determine upon what terms and conditions such punishment might be withheld. And so God came to be regarded as the inventor of certain forms of penance and sacrifice and sacramental ritualism, in the observance of which man was to be released from the punishment which sin merited. All this constituted man's primary religion. It was also unnatural and unauthorized superstition. And so all our stock of knowledge and religion reaches us through lineal descent from man's primal superstitions.

"In matters of knowledge we have laid aside these earlier misconceptions as we have come into the higher concepts of the sublime unities of nature. But in matters of religion we refuse to surrender the old superstitions. We deny our right to do so upon the ground that they are direct gifts from God himself, and so not to be regarded as of less sanctity than God himself, who is their author and giver. And so in all churches we find emphasis still laid upon the observance of certain ceremonials. And in such observance we are taught to expect to escape the otherwise in-

flicted punishments of God. Now, this religious superstition has come naturally into human experience. It has observed a natural place and order in the evolution of religion. But all observant, thoughtful and sincere religionists are coming to ask if all this crudity or superstition may not now be eliminated from religion to its own advantage.

“If this may be done it will of necessity reduce religion to the very simple terms under which it was taught and exemplified by Jesus. However natural religious superstition may have been in the past, it is distinctly unnatural to-day. However helpful it may have been, its usefulness seems to be now wholly outgrown. For at the present time it is not serving to make men wiser. Nor is it making them better. All which may be claimed for the superstitions of theology is the possible fact that they may not be making men and society the worse, and even this claim may be doubted.

“When we consider the vast volume of existing moral depravity and social corruption and personal suffering which prevail in the very midst of Christian civilization, and when we observe the immense expenditure of religious energy which fails to correct such evils, then we must become entirely dissatisfied with this inert and fruitless quality of religion. We want something having aggressive value against wrong. We want a religion of positive force for good.

We want an objective religion. We want a religion whose altars of worship are in the temple and in the home, and in the office, and in the school, and in the halls of legislation, and in the courts of civil procedure.

“And this is the very kind of religion which Jesus undertook to teach the world two thousand years ago. But the world has been a dull pupil. We have not yet learned the truth of the fatherhood of God and the universal brotherhood of man. Shall we not then join our humble efforts with an experiment which seems about to be undertaken? This is the experiment of superseding the old religion of superstition and creed and fear with the religion of love and brotherly service. If we will at last make operative the simple but lofty religion of the Nazarene we may accomplish such results of human regeneration as the old religion of superstition is not qualified even to undertake.

“Jesus is understood to have led a life of lowly purity. If we might find an unprejudiced account of his teachings we might also learn that the ancient wise men of the east and the modern wise men of the west may alike come to him to learn the solution of the problem of human regeneration. For his was the soul—the message, the mission of the idealist. And in his lofty thought he foresaw humanity saved with a near-at-hand salvation—a real and practical salva-

tion. No future heaven can ever quite compensate us for our experiences in an earthly hell. We need an earthly paradise as surely as a heavenly home. And in his vision he saw them both. And so his was a message of love. Love was the keynote around which and in unison with which he sang his wonderful songs of mortal and immortal hope. He is said to have lifted the curtain that John might peer into the future. And there he saw no God of anger. He saw no prison hell. He saw no hopeless prodigals cast out from a father's heart and home. But he saw a God of love. And through the ever open and welcoming doors of his home came pouring in all his children. They came from every world, and nation, and kindred and tribe. And every knee bowed down before the loving Father of them all. And they sang one song.

"But his ear had already caught a prelude to this anthem of the angels. He had already seen another vision. And this had been a vision of mortal men. And they were a band of universal brothers. For they had learned at last that all men are of one blood. And so they dwelt in the peace of love in all the earth. They lived together. The competition and jealousy and the greed of commerce did not separate them. Some did not feed in luxury while others starved. Some did not array themselves in fine apparel while others perished in their rags. Some were

not slain in battle that conquerors might possess their homes. And so the glory of humanity in the earth was as the glory of the angels in heaven.

“Such is the salvation which the religion of Jesus promises to our race. And there is not a single community in any land where such a salvation is not at present needed. We need it here in our city. It is needed in our homes and in our offices, and in our stores—our private and our official citizens need it. And must we not also confess that our churches need it most of all?

“Such is the only religion which men really do need to-day. It is the only religion which is worth the having. Our hungry world has starved too long on a diet of theological stones. And as His children have prayed for an egg—that miracle of potential life—has the heavenly Father given them only the scorpion, that symbol of stinging theological death? Shall we not then in His name seek out for men the bread of eternal life? And must not this bread of life feed every hungry mortal man? Would we save the perishing? Then in most cases let us heed the couplet:

“ ‘Send not the priest with sacrament and prayers,
But send the baker with his saving wares.’ ”

“This religion of love and brotherhood implies plenty and peace among all men. Plenty of work for all and plenty of rest for each one.

"Such is the ideal religion of Jesus. But we have come far short of its realization. And this not because it is impracticable, but only because superstition has stifled the ideal.

"The idealist is the world's only savior. Superstition cries out against life. Life means force and advancement. It means the reaching after better results. Superstition forbids progress. It demands preservation of the existing order of things. It chains the living man to a dead body. But he cries out 'Oh, wretched man that I am! Who will deliver me from the body of this death?'

"Superstition cannot do this. It cannot give life its freedom. It has fostered heartless and unbrotherly selfishness among men. It has created the fatal injustice of competition and greed as the genius of human society. And now it says that the existing order of things cannot be changed. That it ought not to be changed. It says that men ought not to ask that it be changed. They should submit; they should endure without complaint, for such is the duty of God's people, to bow to his will without repining.

"But the idealist calls the sleeper to awake, and the dead to come forth to life. In the overthrow of superstition he promises the salvation of love. Then why shall we not echo the cry of the divine idealist? And they who profess to worship Jesus, why shall they

not obey and imitate him? It was he who proclaimed against the superstitions handed down to us from the Garden of Eden. He held up before all men the truth that love is the fulfillment of the law; that man owes no duty which is not fulfilled in love. The life of love cannot bow down low enough to come into touch with the deadly ceremonies of superstition. Love alone fulfills the law. For there is but one law. And love is that law. Scientists and religionists alike sometimes refer to laws and forces. But in correct thinking only one force can be recognized. The law of geology is a part of the law of astronomy. There are no several laws nor forces of light, and heat, and chemistry, and electricity, and gravity, and cohesion, and repulsion, and centripetality, and centrifugality, nor of body, and of mind, and of spirit, nor of morals and religion. These are but so many expressions of one centric law or force which involves them all equally. This implies absolute affinity, unity and oneness between all items of nature. No two expressions in nature can be in fundamental disagreement. And this universal affinity and harmony constitute love. When our lives internally and externally are in unison with every natural expression of this one force and law of the universe, then we are living true lives of love. And short of this we are not fulfilling the law of God.

“This law of love is natural. It is in no sense

supernatural. Indeed, it is the only verity which is natural. Any variation from it is unnatural and abnormal. This law is also very simple. It may be easily recognized. Its implied obligation, as affecting the individual, is to love self. Then to love the fellow-man. And also to love God. Here is the substance of the religion of Jesus: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy might, mind and strength, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' On these equal commandments hangs all the law. But here comes the old question: How can man love God whom he hath not seen? Whom no man can see and live? For it is a law of the emotion of love that it must find both expression and response. Hand must touch hand. Eye must look into the depth of eye. Love must sing its song of the heart to the heart. How then are we able to love an inaccessible God? Superstition has said that its God is supernatural and inaccessible. But the religion of love knows nothing of such a God. Its God must be both natural and discoverable. Throughout organized space there can be no more than one fundamental force. And this one force must be vitalized unity, or living love. Nothing exists or is manifest apart from it. And in it we discover God. And so when we put ourselves into peaceful relation with any known order of nature we are loving God. Among the visible expressions of nature we come into no such measure of in-

timate association as with our fellow-men. And so Jesus teaches us that our love of our fellow-men is our highest expression of our love of God. All this shows us that we and all men are fundamentally parts of God. We are to love ourselves and keep in unison with nature because we are natural parts of God. And our neighbors are also parts of God. They are also part of ourselves. They, with us, are associate members of one body, even God. In loving them we express self-love and appreciation. This is nature's law requiring that we love our neighbors as we love ourselves. And that such conduct as we desire from others we should accord to them.

"If society were to make this law of love operative the vision of the idealist would be realized. As the superstitions and traditions of the religion descended from the Garden of Eden will not allow men seriously to undertake to realize this religion of Jesus, it therefore becomes the duty of every real Christian to eliminate the last vestige of superstition from his thought. By coming out of the bondage of superstition we may come into the freedom of a larger faith. Into a larger measure of the richer faith that saves with the power of a present salvation. Into a faith which reveals to us a grander God.

"Such a faith makes us one with an ever-present indwelling and overshadowing God. It will lay beside each aching heart another holy heart through which

is flowing a tide of tender, loving sympathy. It is a faith which looks not out across the valley of the shadow of death to find an eternal heaven. For its love builds its own heaven here in this world among God's own children. This is a faith that sees God in every sun and world, in every mountain and raindrop, in every bird and flower. And because his God 'is all and in all' the man of such a faith sees in each lower order of being a kindred atom in the universal organism. He cannot be unkind even to his dumb brothers. He also sees God in every man. Not one is so near or so far away, so weak or so strong, so pure or so deformed, but he realizes in him the kindred tie of brotherhood.

"Oh, that we might come into such a faith as this! In our reaching out after it we may well afford to turn aside from conventional sacraments of superstition. No baptismal water is so holy, nor any sacramental wine so sacred, as is the love which recognizes all men in natural and equal brotherhood. Let us then choose as the captain of our salvation Him who has taught the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. For of His teaching the prophecy is at last fulfilled: 'The darkness is passed, and the light of truth now shineth.' And this word of light declares: 'He that loveth not his brother abideth in death.' Therefore, 'let us not love in word, but in deed and truth.' For 'God is love, and he that dwell-

eth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him.' 'If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and His love is perfected in us.' "

At the close of his sermon Mr. Winter said:

"And now, my friends, a word of personal explanation is expected from me, and I will say here all that I expect ever to say on this subject.

"For twenty-five years I was a minister of the Presbyterian church. I withdrew from the ministry and from membership in that church, and a decent regard for the opinion of those who have known me impels me to state briefly my reasons for adopting the course I have taken. Besides, I want no misapprehension or misunderstanding concerning this matter. It was not an easy thing for me to do, to sever the relations of a lifetime. I was brought up in the Presbyterian church. My relatives are members of it, some of them in the ministry. Toward the members of that church, its ministry and the church itself, I have none but the kindest and most friendly feelings. There is not in my heart a single hostile feeling toward that or any other denomination. They are all doing good, and I believe they are all doing right as they see the right. But I felt impelled to withdraw from the Presbyterian church because the creed of the church, the dogmas, the articles of faith, were in my judgment hampering and hindering and overshadowing the cause of religion. I could not

consistently join any other church, for the same objection presented itself against any of the orthodox churches. If you ask me if I am no longer orthodox I must answer frankly, I am not. I believe that all religion is one, for religion is the spirit of God in man—the conscious knowledge of man's relationship to God.

"You ask why I did not take this step before? The question is a pertinent one. I have always tried to do my duty as it was given me to see my duty. Last year for the first time in my life my health gave way. My physician ordered absolute rest and advised me to spend a few months in an arid climate. Through a friend I secured board with a ranchman in New Mexico. There, in a log cabin, twenty miles from a postoffice, I found a man from whom in a few months I learned more of mankind, of religion, of God, than I had before known. Unconventional, unassuming, simple, direct, without pretending to instruct, this western ranchman brushed aside the undergrowth of orthodoxy and showed me what, when I asked him to name it, he designated the larger faith. Hereafter, unhampered, undeterred, with malice toward none, with charity for all, I mean to preach that larger faith, the underlying principle of which is love."

After Mr. Winter had ceased speaking the chairman of the committee that had engaged the auditorium made a short statement. He said it had been

decided to continue the meetings just as long as the necessary expenses were raised by purely voluntary contributions; that a box was placed near the door into which those who wished to give something from time to time might deposit their contributions, but that no collections would be taken up at meetings. He further said that he had a subscription paper on which any persons who wished to do so might, after the dismissal of the meeting, subscribe whatever they felt like giving for the first year. When the congregation had been dismissed one of the first men to put his name on the subscription list was Darrell's ultra-conservative friend, North, and opposite his name he wrote \$100.

CHAPTER XXI.

A DISCOVERY.

On one of Darrell's visits to E——, some time after his engagement to Maude Briggs had become known to their immediate friends, she asked him to go with her and call on the family of Uncle Dr. Roberts, and Darrell, though reluctant to be thus put on exhibition before Maude's relatives, could do nothing but go. He found, however, that both Dr. and Mrs. Roberts were pleasant people to meet. No reference to the engagement of the young people was made till they were about to leave, when the doctor, intimating that he understood Darrell was to become a relative, invited him and Maude to come and take dinner with them the next time Darrell should be in town, adding: "Our daughter, Corinne, will likely be at home then, and she will wish to meet you." The invitation was accepted, it being understood that Maude would inform her aunt when Darrell would next be in the city.

"That is the cousin Corinne I've heard you speak of?" said Darrell on the way home.

"Yes," replied Maude, "and I must warn you against her in advance."

"How's that?" asked Darrell.

"Oh, she can play and sing and do everything else so much better than I can that I'm afraid you'll fall in love with her."

"I'll risk that, my dear," replied Darrell.

Nevertheless, when, a few weeks later, Darrell and Maude went to take dinner with the Roberts family, Darrell found Corinne Roberts a very charming woman. She was older than Maude, and though Darrell did not fall in love with her he felt proud that he was soon to have such a woman for a cousin. Darrell, who was a close observer of people, noticed that while there was nothing about Corinne's manner which indicated a desire on her part to dictate, or even to lead, those around her seemed naturally to defer to her and to regard her opinion as final.

Before dinner, the doctor not having arrived, and while Mrs. Roberts and Corinne were absent from the parlor, Darrell began idly turning over the pages of a large album. There were photographs of the Roberts and Briggs families, besides many persons whom Darrell did not know. Maude designated by name many of the photographs, schoolmates of Corinne and others.

"Who is this?" asked Darrell, coming to a three-quarter profile view of a full-bearded man apparently

about his own age. "Seems to me I've seen him somewhere."

"That's a Mr. Horton, an editor who used to be here. He's dead." Then as Corinne entered the room while Darrell was still gazing at the picture Maude added in a low voice: "Say nothing about him. Turn on."

In the course of the evening Darrell asked Corinne to favor them with some music. When he had heard Corinne play he understood Maude's statement that what she knew about music she had learned from Corinne. When later the two cousins sang together, Corinne sang the soprano and Maude the alto parts. Darrell was too much in love to feel jealous of anyone's playing or singing, but he had to acknowledge to himself that what Maude had told him of Corinne's ability as a musician was true.

As Darrell and Maude walked slowly toward her home, after having taken leave of the Roberts family, his thoughts reverted to the picture he had seen in the album. Suddenly he stopped, faced around toward Maude and grasped her arm. "What's the matter?" asked Maude. "Did you forget something at Uncle's?"

"That picture," said Darrell, "that you said was of an editor—Horton. Did you say he's dead?"

"Yes," replied Maude. "At least everybody but Corinne thinks he's dead. Why?"

"Tell me all you know about him," said Darrell, disregarding her question. "How is it some people think he's dead and Corinne thinks otherwise?"

"It's rather a long story," said Maude, "and a sad one for all of us. This Mr. Horton and Corinne were engaged to be married. Their wedding day was set nearly seven years ago—it will be seven years in May. I was a little girl then. You've heard me speak of my brother Tom that was drowned?"

"Yes," replied Darrell.

"It was then," said Maude; "just a few days before Corinne was to be married she went out on the lake fishing with Tom one afternoon. Tom was a good boatman, but he didn't get the boat that day that he had been used to. Just when they were going to start home Corinne caught a very big fish. They got it in the boat, but it flopped out, and Tom, in grabbing at it, upset the boat. They could both swim, but Tom was drowned—he had on a pair of rubber boots. Corinne got hold of an oar or something and kept afloat a little while. Then a steamer picked her up. It was just starting from here to Cheboygan, Mich., and the captain wouldn't turn back. The body of brother Tom was washed ashore a day or two later. They wouldn't let me see him." And, overcome by the emotion which the recital of the story awakened, Maude began using her handkerchief and crying quietly.

"Well?" said Darrell, gently, after waiting a little time.

"They found the boat they'd been in turned upside down," continued Maude. "It was nearly a week before they heard from Corinne. She came home afterward on the cars."

"But about Horton," said Darrell. "What became of him?"

"He walked along the lake shore for two or three days," said Maude, "till after Tom's body came in. Then he went to Aunt Mary, kissed her good-by, and nobody has seen him since. They all think he drowned himself—all but Corinne."

"And what does Corinne think?" asked Darrell.

"Oh, Corinne feels just as sure that he'll come back as that she's alive," answered Maude. "It makes me feel a little creepy sometimes to hear her talk of Frank. Of course she's perfectly sane—on every other subject, anyway—but everybody else knows that Frank Horton is dead, for they tried every way to find him. One man, a railroad conductor, was sure he had gone to Cincinnati, but he said Mr. Horton rode on a pass, and he had nothing to go on, only that he had noted that pass number on that day. But there were lots of people in Cincinnati that Mr. Horton knew and that knew him, and none of them had seen him."

"What is there about Corinne's talk that makes you feel creepy?" asked Darrell.

"Oh, lots of things," replied Maude. "She said to me once: 'Frank was in trouble for a long time after he went away, but he's not in trouble any more.' I thought to myself, No, because he's dead, but I asked Corinne what made her think such things, and she said: 'I don't think them; I know them.' I asked her how she knew them, and she said: 'I know them because I love him.' Not long ago she sang the old Scotch song, 'We'd Better Bide a Wee,' and when she had finished it remarked that Frank always liked that song and she wanted to keep in practice till he returned. Poor Corinne! I'm sorry for her."

"But if she is so cheerful about it, why did you tell me to say nothing of this Mr. Horton this evening?" asked Darrell.

"Because Corinne always speaks of him as some one who is absent just for the time being, and it makes Uncle Doctor and Aunt Mary and all of us feel creepy," replied Maude.

They had resumed their walk as they talked. After a pause Darrell asked: "Maude, can you keep a secret?"

"Of course I can," answered Maude, indignantly. "What about?"

"Well," replied Darrell, "I hardly know just what to do yet, but Corinne is right. I've seen Horton—or

his twin brother. I don't see how I could have failed to recognize the picture at once. I guess it was your statement that he was dead that threw me off."

"Where have you seen him, and when?" demanded Maude, in her turn stopping and facing toward Darrell.

"That's the picture of William Young, the ranchman in New Mexico," replied Darrell. "Only when I saw him he didn't wear a full beard."

"Do you really think so, John?" inquired Maude.

"I can't be mistaken," said Darrell. "I ought to know that face and head anywhere."

"Oh, let's go and tell Corinne!" exclaimed Maude.

"No, I don't believe we'd better do that just now," replied Darrell. "I think we ought to talk it over first."

So they held a long family consultation. It was the first time they had consulted each other on any matter of policy or of future conduct, and each one was highly pleased at the discernment and good judgment shown by the other. It was finally decided that before saying anything to others Darrell should see Young—or Horton—and then decide on a course of action.

When Darrell arrived at the office a day or two later he applied for a two weeks' leave of absence to go to New Mexico. In answer to a searching look of inquiry he said: "I have no investment there and no

intention of making any. This is—a family matter.”

“All right, Darrell,” said the senior member of the firm, to whom the application had been made. “We’ll try to spare you that long. When do you want to go?”

“As soon as I can,” answered Darrell.

“Well, start whenever you’re ready,” was the reply.

The first thing Darrell did was to send a telegram to William Young, Tres Piedras, New Mexico, stating when he would arrive there. Then he made hasty preparations and took the next train for the west.

All the way out he puzzled over the question how to approach Young. If Young was Frank Horton, he must have known Maude Briggs when she was much younger than now, but he would probably deny it. Still, why had he promised to come to their wedding? What if he should prove to be the wrong man? In that case Darrell felt that his trip was not only useless, but that he was making a fool of himself. He had seen the picture but once, and then but for a few moments. The nearer he got to New Mexico the greater became his doubts as to either the usefulness or the propriety of his errand. He resolved finally to make some excuse for his sudden visit and let matters take their course.

Arrived at Tres Piedras, he found Ned Long await-

ing him with a dogcart. Mr. Young, Ned explained, had to be away on other business that day or he would have come himself.

All Darrell knew of Ned was that Young had taken some boy or young man to live with him. On the way out he tried by questioning the young man and at the same time appearing to be indifferent, to learn something of Young's history, but Ned, while not at all averse to talking about Young, knew nothing of him save what he was, and it is needless to say his opinion on that point was favorable.

"Does Mr. Young correspond with many people?" asked Darrell with an inward blush at thus prying into the private affairs of his friend.

"No, I guess not very many," replied Ned. "I never carried any letters for him but those addressed to you and Mr. Winter, that stayed with us awhile last year."

They rode on in silence till a turn in the road brought the house in sight.

"Ah!" said Darrell, taking a long breath, "there's Young's ranch!"

CHAPTER XXII.

UNITED.

Young was not at home when Darrell and Ned got to the ranch, but he arrived not long afterward, and met Darrell with the same quiet cordiality which he had shown when they parted and in his subsequent letters.

While Young was getting dinner Darrell sat in the kitchen and they talked. Darrell related some of his experiences since they parted.

All the time, though, he was watching Young with the same curiosity he had felt when they first met, only his curiosity was now greatly intensified. How should he approach the subject of this man being Frank Horton? How should he apologize or get out of it if Young proved not to be Frank Horton? Darrell would not for any consideration offend Young, whoever he might be.

This part of the matter, however, was settled more suddenly than Darrell had anticipated. Dinner over and the work being done, Young and Darrell returned to the sitting room, where they lighted cigars

which Darrell provided. When they had smoked a little time Young extended his congratulations to Darrell on the latter's approaching marriage and said, quietly: "I knew Maude Briggs when she was a little girl."

"Then," blurted out Darrell, "you're Frank Horton!"

"Yes," replied Young, naively, "I'm Frank Horton."

The very composure with which Young—or Horton—said this threw Darrell entirely off his balance. He had been wondering how to establish the identity of William Young and Frank Horton, but now that this was done he saw that he had accomplished the smallest part of his errand. He didn't want to shock this man. Truth to tell, he was a little afraid to do so. Underneath that calm exterior Darrell felt that there was a slumbering volcano of passion, and that a sudden shock to him would be like touching off a quantity of blasting powder.

With these feelings and in his rattled condition Darrell adopted about as awkward a course as could have been devised by a man of his experience and knowledge of men, though it is true this particular kind of negotiation was new to him. With a vague idea of leading up to the point gradually, he began somewhat abruptly and without any apparent relevancy to relate instances of cases where people had been supposed to

be dead but turned out not to be. He related a case he had read about of a man being legally hanged and afterward revived. Then he told of an instance where a woman, after being in her coffin for two days, and just when they were about to bury her, was discovered to be alive and lived for years afterward. Next he related the story of a man who had been in bathing at the seashore, and had gone down and stayed in the water for more than an hour and had been taken out without a sign of life, but after several hours' work with him had revived and lived.

From the time of stating that he was Frank Horton, Young had not uttered a word, but had sat there intently watching his companion. As he talked on Darrell was getting more and more nervous, and he showed it. Finally he told of a case where some person had been supposed to be drowned, but had got hold of a plank or something, been picked up and reappeared among his friends after having been supposed to be dead for months. At the close of this story Darrell said, in a rather weak voice: "You've heard of such cases, Mr.—Horton?"

For answer Horton, over whose face had spread a deathly pallor, strode across the room, grasped Darrell's arms with a grip which made the latter wince and which he afterward averred left marks on his arms for weeks, and said:

"Is Corinne Roberts living?"

"Yes," answered Darrell, weakly.

"And at E——?" asked Horton.

"Yes," said Darrell.

"Tell me what you know, man, quick!" commanded Horton.

"You're crushing my arms!" exclaimed Darrell.

"Pardon me. I didn't know I was touching you," said Horton, releasing his hold and dropping into a chair. "Now go on."

"I saw Miss Roberts——" Darrell began.

"When?" broke in Horton.

"Within a week," said Darrell.

"Is she well? How does she look? Are her parents living and well? They must think me——"

"They're all well," said Darrell, "and all of them but Miss Roberts think you're dead. If she ever looked better than she does now——"

"You say she doesn't think I'm dead?" interrupted Horton.

"All I know about it is what Maude tells me," replied Darrell, and he related the conversation between himself and Maude.

Horton was deeply touched when told that Corinne was always expecting him, though her parents and all her friends believed him dead.

"All of them," said Darrell, "even Maude, thought Corinne was queer in that respect."

"The intuition of love is often superior to what

we call judgment," said Horton, as if he were communing with his own thoughts rather than replying to Darrell.

Then for an hour followed what Darrell asserted was the most searching examination he had ever undergone. Every scrap of information he had concerning Corinne, her parents and every person and everything either closely or remotely related to her and her life was elicited.

Finally, after a lull in the conversation, Horton went to his desk, saying:

"I thought at first I'd send a telegram, but that wouldn't be fair—to her. I'll write."

"I'll look around and see if you've been taking proper care of things since I left," said Darrell, starting to leave the room. "I hope, though," he added, as he paused at the door, ruefully rubbing his biceps, "that the next time you find it necessary to grab somebody I'll not be within reach. You have a grip like a blacksmith."

In a little while Horton left the house with a letter in his hand.

"Ned," he called to the young man, who was at a little distance, "I want to get to the station in time to catch the mail going north. May I ride Whitefoot?" His gray was out in pasture.

"Why, of course, Mr. Young," answered Ned. "But why can't I take the letter?"

"Thank you; I want to go myself," said Horton.

In a few minutes he was on his way to the station at a pace that made Ned uneasy.

"I hope Mr. Young hasn't got any bad news?" he said, looking inquiringly at Darrell.

"No, I don't think he would call it bad news," said Darrell. "It may take him away from the ranch, though."

"That so?" said Ned, anxiously.

"I really don't know what his plans are," said Darrell. "I doubt if he knows himself."

"Well, you can just count he comes pretty near knowing," said Ned, feeling that Darrell's last remark denoted indecision of character on the part of his guardian.

"I mean till he gets an answer to his letter," said Darrell. "The fact is, I've brought him word that a friend of his that he supposed to be dead is still living."

"That's curious," said Ned. "How did Mr. Young come to think he was dead if he's alive?"

"She's a woman," said Darrell. "She was thought to be drowned, but was picked up by an outgoing steamer, and her friends didn't hear from her for some time."

"Oh!" said Ned, and for the first time in his life he felt a pang of jealousy—and that toward a woman.

This is the letter Horton sent:

"MY DEAREST CORINNE (if I may still call you so):

"When a little while ago I learned from Mr. Darrell that you are still living, my first intention was to send you a telegram. But there are some things about myself which you have a right to know before answering, and which I could not tell you by telegraph.

"For nearly two years after I left E——, supposing you to be dead, I was a tramp, and a drunken tramp. In all that time I hardly drew a sober breath. Then I was convicted of murder and sent to the Colorado penitentiary under a life sentence. I had not committed the crime for which I was sentenced, however, and after serving something over six months of my sentence the governor of the state pardoned me on the ground of innocence.

"I was at all times true to your memory, save that in the respect mentioned I was untrue to myself; and I would have continued true while life lasted had you been dead. Having known and loved you, I could love no other woman.

"I cannot bring to you the simple purity of life that is worthy of you, and yet—I love you. You were—you will ever be—a part of my life. The thought of your goodness and of my hiding from you—from myself—all these years so overwhelms me that it is difficult for me to compel myself to write calmly.

"May I ask you to send me a message by wire as soon as you get this, addressing me as William Young, Tres Piedras, New Mexico?

"And now, if you can forgive the great wrong I did to both you and myself when I thought you dead, and receive me again into favor, you will make me once

more the happiest of men; but whether you do or not, I shall always bless you and always love you. Yours,
"FRANK HORTON."

Darrell was in bed when Horton returned from the station after mailing his letter. The next day their conversation reverted to the people in Ohio in whom they were both so greatly interested.

"I hope you'll be able to go back with me," said Darrell.

"I'll know within a week," replied Horton.

"Perhaps," said Darrell, anxious to aid his friend, "there's something I could explain when I go back?"

"No," said Horton, decidedly, "nobody but myself will ever explain anything for me to Corinne Roberts. Besides," he added, "I've already written all there is to say and more than you know about me. You didn't know, for instance, that I am an ex-convict?"

"No, and I don't believe it," replied Darrell.

"It's true, nevertheless," said Horton. "I was sentenced to the Colorado penitentiary for life, and served part of the time."

"But——" said Darrell, hesitatingly.

"No," said Horton, smiling, "I wasn't guilty. The governor pardoned me on that ground."

Darrell, at a loss for something to say, remarked: "It was unfortunate that you got convicted."

"I don't know that it was," replied Horton. "I

doubt whether I'd have been alive to-day but for my conviction, for I was nearly dead with drinking whisky when I was arrested."

"I didn't suppose you ever drank a drop," said Darrell.

"I don't," replied Horton, "but for nearly two years I drank very hard."

Darrell felt that now he was beginning to know something of this man. Although the errand he had started out on was fully performed, he stayed, anxious to know what Corinne's answer would be and what would be Horton's next move. As for Horton, he went about with a feverish intensity during the three days following the sending of his letter, inspecting his stock and everything about the ranch, occasionally giving Ned a suggestion as to the care of some animal or what would best be done at sheep-shearing time.

On the fourth day he went to the station. Ned Long's anxiety had been increasing since his talk with Darrell. He had never seen Horton so pre-occupied and uncommunicative. Ned felt that he had a grievance against that woman, whoever she was, for not staying drowned. Still if Horton—or, as Ned knew him, Young—cared for her, Ned would have defended her with his life. His worst fears were realized when Horton rode home that day and in his presence handed Darrell a telegram, saying:

"I'll go back with you—if you start soon enough."

Then to Ned he added: "I leave on the next train, Ned, to be absent some time."

This was the telegram Darrell read:

"WILLIAM YOUNG, TRES PIEDRAS, NEW MEXICO:

"There is no past. The present and the future are enough. Nothing to forgive. I have expected you always. Come. CORINNE."

"Ned," said Horton, "I'll leave you some money. If you need more and don't hear from me, sell something. Treat everything as your own till I return. The work will all fall on you now, but you'll get along. By the way, my name is Frank Horton. I'll write to you. Take care of yourself."

Ned was too well accustomed to Horton's ways to ask any questions, but his eyes filled with tears.

"Don't let yourself feel lonely or forsaken," said Horton, laying his hand on Ned's shoulder. "Whatever occurs, you will always fill a warm place in my heart, my boy."

Horton's clothes were very plain. He decided to travel to C——, where Darrell lived, stop off there long enough to get an outfit of clothes, and then proceed to E—— to meet Corinne.

As they traveled eastward Darrell brought up the subject of their correspondence, and in the course of their talks said: "I go pretty regularly to hear Mr.

Winter preach. You know he's an independent preacher now?"

"Yes," said Horton, "he wrote me that he was preaching in an independent church, or rather in an independent theater. How is he coming on?"

"Splendidly," replied Darrell. "He has the biggest audiences of any minister in the city, and I think the most intelligent audiences. One thing is sure, his sermons are full of practical religion and he's doing a vast amount of good. By the way, he thinks you are a great man and a great teacher."

"We became very good friends while he was at the ranch," said Horton.

"Yes, but aside from friendship he told me he believed he had learned more in the five months he was there than in his whole life before," said Darrell, and he added: "I could understand him, for I learned more from you than I ever knew before."

"Well," replied Horton, smiling, "I may decide to open a kindergarten for youths of twenty-five to fifty."

"You'll have pupils if you do," said Darrell, seriously.

As their train pulled out of a station one day it ran slowly past a freight train in which some tramps were seen. Darrell made some remark about them.

"There isn't near so much difference between those

people and the ones who ride in palace cars as we sometimes imagine," said Horton.

"Still, a gulf separates them," replied Darrell.

"It's a gulf that may be quickly crossed, either way," returned Horton.

Arrived at C——, Horton visited a barber shop, then spent two hours shopping. When Darrell accompanied him to the train Horton seemed an easy man about town. Except for the tan on his face he would have passed for a resident of the city. His clothes were ready made, but they fitted him well and were in quiet colors. Besides, as Darrell acknowledged to himself, somehow nobody was likely to look much at Horton's clothes.

The meeting between Frank Horton and Corinne Roberts was too sacred for us to intrude upon. Suffice it to say there was on both sides absolute frankness, entire confidence, unbounded faith, and that perfect love which comes to a man and woman but once in a lifetime.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE RANCHMAN.

One Sunday, at the close of his sermon Mr. Winter said to his congregation: "I have an announcement which it gives me pleasure to make. Frank Horton, the friend whom you have heard me mention and whom I met at his ranch in New Mexico, is now in the east, and I have invited him to speak to us from this platform on the first Sunday convenient for him. He answers that he will do so next Sunday, provided I make it plain to you that I am not responsible for anything he may say. I make this statement at his request, for I am not at all afraid of his saying anything that will hurt any of us to hear."

It became noised about that a ranchman from New Mexico was to fill Mr. Winter's pulpit the next Sunday, and one of the local papers mentioned the fact. The auditorium was filled, and the people were somewhat surprised at the appearance of the ranchman when he stepped forward on the platform. There was nothing clerical about his appearance; neither was there anything suggestive of ranch life. He was so

well dressed that nobody could have told afterward what kind of clothes he wore. Without announcing any text, and without any exordium, he began talking to them in a conversational tone, which, however, could be heard throughout the house. He said:

“There is a prevalent idea that religion is something apart from every-day life; that man’s spiritual welfare is one thing, his temporal welfare another. I do not believe this to be true. Man has but one real nature, his spiritual nature. There is but one kind of welfare, and that is spiritual welfare. All else is but seeming; but the appearance which we sometimes take for the fact. Every human being is the child of God, and has in him the spirit of God. To our physical or even to our mental perceptions this spirit may seem to be dormant, or dead, or entirely lacking. It is there just the same.

“For the spirit of God in man is the very life principle—it is the conscious *I am* in every human being. It is the soul. Without it man would instantly cease to be man.

“Religion, I take it, is nothing more than the development of this spirit, which brings man into a consciousness of his relationship to God, and hence to all life. Religion in this sense is common to all men, inherent in all men. It is a necessary and a natural part of every man’s being.

“The notion that science and religion conflict one

with the other is wholly a mistake. No fact which has ever been established or which ever may be established by science in anywise conflicts or can conflict with religion. Truth cannot conflict with truth.

"The experiment of trying to separate man's physical from his spiritual nature—of trying to secure his temporal welfare without taking into consideration his spiritual welfare—has been tried over and over again. It has always failed. It always will fail. Because every such attempt is in direct contravention of a law of nature—that is to say, of the law of man's nature by which he was created a spiritual being.

"Man seeks happiness because there is inborn in every man a recognition of the fact that he has a right to happiness. We seek to gratify the senses, and it is right that we should do so. Some odors, sounds, sights, are pleasing to us; others displease us. Some kinds of food and drink are pleasant and healthful; others are distasteful and hurtful. Some things are pleasant, others are painful to the touch. It is perfectly proper that in all these matters the senses should be gratified, but it is an error to suppose that happiness is to be found in the gratification of the senses.

"And herein lies what I look upon as the fundamental error of mankind. It is constantly sought by some change in external physical conditions to secure man's happiness. One proposes a change of political

conditions, another has economic theories which he guarantees to produce human happiness if adopted. They are merely scratching at the surface. All these things are effects, not causes—or, if you please, effects which, in turn, become causes. You may change a man's every external condition and leave him still unhappy. 'If every one were housed in a palace, dissatisfaction, rivalry and restlessness would still be the rule.' This would not be true if man were only an intelligent animal—he could then be made happy, as the brutes are, by a change in external conditions.

"But man's happiness or unhappiness is not to be found in external conditions, but within himself. Heaven and hell are not locations, but conditions. And they are conditions which are ever present with us. We create our own heaven or hell, and we live in the one or the other day by day. He who is hoping for happiness only after death will not achieve happiness, for there is no death.

"True, proper external conditions are necessary to the welfare of our physical being, and, therefore, essential to our happiness. But is there a single wrong condition which is chargeable to Nature? Is there one which man has not brought on himself?

"There is an ample supply of sunshine, of pure air, of pure water, for all mankind, for all life. Yet thousands of human beings are to-day lacking these essentials to physical health. Why? Not because God

—or Nature—has made any mistake or has been at all stinted in these gifts, but because of man's own error in not availing himself of what is provided in such ample abundance.

"In like manner God has provided an ample amount of health, happiness and prosperity for all mankind. Why, then, are not all men happy, healthy and prosperous? Again, it is not because God has failed or Nature has failed to make ample provision, but because man is depriving himself of these things which are at hand and within his reach. Why does man do this? Only through ignorance—through a failure to take into consideration his real nature, the fundamental law of his being.

"One may live in the upper part of his house and get the benefit of air and sunshine, or he may shut himself in the cellar and deprive himself of both pure air and sunshine.

"We've been living too long in the cellar. There are evidences on every hand that the plan is not a success. Is it not time to try the other plan?

"Do not misunderstand me as meaning that there is no necessity for the study of economic and social questions, or that political action is useless. My belief is exactly the reverse of such a view. There is no practicable way of bringing about changes in existing conditions, of correcting present errors and

wrongs, save political action on the part of the people.

"For we, the people, organized as society, are causing ourselves all the unhappiness we suffer. The Creator, as I said before, has provided amply for all the wants of all mankind. But mankind, because of custom, precedent and conventionality, are simply robbing themselves, or permitting themselves to be robbed when they could prevent it, which amounts to the same thing.

"It would attract attention and cause exclamations of surprise if it were known that a family of a dozen persons in this community permitted one of their number, no larger or stronger than the others, to collect in a corner and keep from the others most of the food and clothing provided for the entire family, there to decay for lack of use while the other eleven persons in the family went hungry and ill clad. Can any of you tell me the difference between the actions of that family and what society is doing?

" 'Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.'

"Also man's own ignorance and indifference are causing him to mourn.

"The remedy lies in our own hands. The practical method of applying it is by political action. By all means express your views in the conduct of the gov-

ernment, national, state and local. There is as much religion in going to the polls and voting as there is in going to church and singing hymns—often more.

“Only in voting, as in all other actions, keep in mind the fundamental truth that all human beings are members of one family having a common parent; that all men are, therefore, your brothers, and that your highest duty is to do what you can for the good of the family.

“If we vote in this spirit, using such means as we have of knowing what is best for the family, we shall be voting right. Possibly we may vote opposite tickets, but still each one will be doing the right thing, and it is likely that later we shall be voting together.

“Besides, we may each bear in mind that our own particular way of getting at a result may not be the best way.

“You can reach San Francisco by traveling westward—that is the shortest route. But if you travel in exactly the opposite direction, and keep going, you will arrive at the same destination.

“William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips and John Brown did something toward ending human slavery in America. But John C. Calhoun, Robert Toombs and Jefferson Davis were also influential in bringing about the same result.

“Some unthinking persons deprecate the mention of politics in the pulpit. For my part, I believe there

is no subject which concerns human happiness which is unfit for the pulpit. When you erect a church, as I understand you intend doing, I trust you will make your pulpit a forum from which may be discussed any and every subject which affects the daily life of men and women.

"For what we need to learn is how best to live and to make this world a better place to live in.

"I heard of a church dignitary saying of the members of his denomination: 'Our people die well!' It would have been much more to the purpose had he been able to say: 'Our people live well.'

"Living well is something more than merely acting in a proper manner. It means *being* right. If we *be* right, our acting will be right. If we get the internal man right, the external, which is manifested in action, may safely be allowed to take care of itself.

"People who live with the sole object of dying well and attaining happiness beyond the grave are likely to learn some day that they mistook the purpose of life.

"My own opinion is that what we call death is probably much less of a change in the existence of the individual than is generally supposed.

"A fountain, a beacon, by whomsoever first established, becomes the common benefaction of all passers-by. So truth, by whomsoever first formulated or

uttered, is the common inheritance of all who come into a knowledge of it.

"Truth is eternal. Spiritual truths are ever-existent facts, cognizable only by spiritual perception. Jesus formulated and gave utterance to many spiritual truths. By his life—that is to say, the three years of his life of which we have some account—and by his death, he vitalized and energized many others. But he never manufactured a single spiritual fact. He did not change in the slightest degree the spiritual law of man's nature, or the law of man's spiritual nature.

"Nothing is true to you unless your spiritual and mental perceptions enable you to judge it and accept it as truth. To illustrate: Suppose I hand you a book printed in a language with which you are unacquainted. I ask you 'Is it true?' You can only answer that you do not know. There is no truth in it for you.

"Nothing that Jesus uttered is true simply because he said it; for every truth uttered by him was an existent truth before he gave utterance to it.

"On the other hand, nothing lacks the quality of truth simply because the author is unknown. Truth is where you find it. Truth for you exists only where your perception enables you to recognize it as truth.

"In the matter of authoritativeness there is no

distinction between the sayings of Jesus and the sayings of the undistinguishable John Jones of the present day. Either may be true to you; either, to you, may lack the essential element of all truth.

“But you ask me: ‘Do you not then believe in Jesus Christ?’ I believe, profoundly, in the teachings, and in the personality, of Jesus. He was the one great man, not only of his age, but I think of every age. He recognized, more clearly than any other of his time, man’s true relationship to God. In a time when man seemed given over to the false notion that heaven is a far-off place to be attained only after death, Jesus perceived and was able to say from personal experience that ‘the kingdom of heaven is within you.’ He founded a religion or form of religion which I look upon as the ultimate wisdom of man. For the Christian religion, so called, is in its essential truths the final religion of mankind. It is so broad, so all-embracing, that it seems to me to cover all that man can desire and all that he can need. It is the religion of mankind—that is to say, it is religion. For all religion is one, whether promulgated by Jesus, by Mohammed, by Confucius, or by—John Jones. We talk of this religion and that religion; of this denomination and that denomination. Idle words! All are seeking to know God. All are seeking to know man’s relationship to God. And all are succeeding. Man is coming into the

light, and this much more rapidly, I think, than is generally recognized.

"The acceptance of the truth, the coming into the knowledge of our true relationship to God, is not a matter of groanings or anguish of spirit. It is simply letting the light of God's truth shine, permitting the warmth of God's love to permeate us and find expression in us.

"Every person will find this light and this love within himself, and sooner or later will give expression to them.

"'Coming to God' is a misleading expression. None of us was ever for a moment away from God. As well might the smallest thing that lives in the ocean attempt to quarrel with or escape from its element as for man to try to escape from God.

"All deviations from the laws of nature carry with them their own penalties; and these penalties are kindly warnings. Fire and water are useful and kindly elements, so long as the body sustains the proper relation to them. Let this proper relation be disturbed, as by casting the body into these elements, and they become hurtful, destructive.

"If man's body were incapable of feeling pain, it would soon destroy itself and the race would cease to exist.

"Man's spiritual nature demands recognition and satisfaction with even greater insistence than does

the body. Every infraction of the law of man's spiritual nature carries with it the resulting penalty of unhappiness.

"Delays in this matter are not dangerous; but delays may be painful.

"No human soul will be lost; for every soul is a part of God.

"The coarse materialism of the present day which regards as realities only those forms of matter which can be recognized by the physical senses, seems to me to be radically and wholly at variance with the truth. The only reality is the soul. All these forms of matter are but shadows the outward manifestations or expressions of thought.

"The hope of humanity lies in the diffusion of light. A brighter day is dawning; to many it is already here. The world is coming to adopt as a rule of every-day conduct the idealism of Jesus.

"But it is objected that this would stop human progress. What is progress? Much to which we give that name is really decadence. The adoption of this plan of life would not stop invention. It would not stop the necessary work of the world; for to one who is at peace work is a pleasure and not a task. The work of the world ought to be done and will be done not in subversion of the spiritual life, but in aid and development of it.

"The adoption of this doctrine would not stop or

delay anything that is true progress. It might, and I think it will, change some phases of existing conditions.

"I admit that in the economic system of Jesus there is no place for either the millionaire or the tramp. Neither one is useful. Both could be abolished to the advantage of the human race. We are apt sometimes to become impatient. We view things from a narrow standpoint, having constantly in mind the short space of time during which the human body exists in its present form. But the soul is infinite, eternal; and as infinity recognizes not space, nor eternity time, so the soul knows no here or there, no yesterday, to-day or to-morrow.

"There is one with whom a thousand years are as a day, and a day is as a thousand years.

"I am an optimist. I have entire confidence in the coming of a better time, the dawning of a brighter day for mankind. I am equally sure that this will be brought about only by the diffusion of light among mankind and the recognition of man's real nature. This seems to me to be the first and most essential element to man's welfare and happiness. This element omitted, all changes in the laws will prove ineffectual; this truth overlooked, all attempted reforms will end in merely shifting burdens to other shoulders.

"Men will not cease to do injustice because a stat-

ute commands it; they will not recognize each other as brothers because the law says they shall.

“All force is silent. Love, which is the essence of all true religion, is the dominant power of the world to-day. Love is the sun, gentle, all-pervading, all-powerful, whose tendency is always to lift up, to purify and to attract. The power of love is the power of God.

“The eternal fatherhood of God and the universal brotherhood of man is not a Utopian dream, but an existent fact the full fruition of which is becoming the dream of nations; and ‘the dreams that nations dream come true.’

“Never since the Christian era has there been such a spiritual awakening as in these last days of the nineteenth century. Never has there been a time when the demand for spiritual food and light was so great as it is to-day. The world is progressing in this direction with as great rapidity as in the arts and sciences, in inventions and machinery. The time is coming, and coming fast,

“ ‘That man to man the world o’er
Shall brothers be for a’ that.’

“Belief is not a matter of volition. We believe when the evidence convinces us; we disbelieve when we are not convinced. ‘We do not take possession of our ideas but are possessed by them.’ No human

being is under obligation to believe, or to disbelieve, anything.

"Spiritual truth, to him who perceives it, is thereafter as real as any fact in his existence. What I have said to you is true, to me. It can only be true to each of you in so far as it is mirrored as truth in your own consciousness."

When Horton ceased speaking a hymn was announced, after the singing of which Horton, at a sign from Mr. Winter, advanced to the front of the platform, raised his hand, and looking out over the congregation pronounced this benediction:

"The love of God is with you, always!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

OLD FRIENDS MEET.

Frank Horton called at the Gazette office the day after his arrival at E——. He found that the paper had prospered fairly during his absence, and there was a neat sum in bank to his credit representing the dividends on his stock. A few weeks later, or at the expiration of seven years from the date of his disappearance, an application was to have been made to the Probate court for the appointment of an administrator of his estate.

The next issue of the paper contained this notice at the head of the editorial columns:

“Mr. Frank Horton, former editor, has returned and will shortly assume editorial management of the Gazette.”

With Corinne and her parents Horton was entirely frank concerning his life after leaving E——. He told them of being sent to the penitentiary, but seemed averse to talking about the mistake under which he was sent there, saying, when asked about the particulars, that it was a subject he preferred not

to dwell upon; and his feelings in this matter were respected.

The Gazette became again a one-man paper when Horton resumed editorial control of it. Every part of the paper reflected the personality of the man who conducted it. Its character was broader and more liberal, its tone somewhat more charitable, than in former years; but its good-natured candor was the despair of small-fry politicians and of all who had anything constituting legitimate news which they wished to conceal.

While not changing the general character of the Gazette as a secular newspaper, Horton frequently expressed in its editorial columns his views on religious and social questions. These articles were widely read and criticised, especially by denominational papers. The editor of the Gazette was frequently given pointed suggestions to the effect that the shoemaker should stick to his last, and that religious questions should be settled by those who had made a study of religion, and not by laymen.

The week following Horton's address to the congregation of Rev. David Winter this item appeared in the Presbyterian Signal:

"We are credibly informed that the evangelist or reformer, or whatever he would like to be called, who last Sabbath filled the pulpit (?) of Rev. (?) David Winter, and who is advertised to address the

people at Workingmen's Hall next Tuesday evening, is in reality an ex-convict of a western penitentiary. The people who attended the meeting, and especially the members of the Presbyterian church who went there, may well ask themselves whether this is the kind of person from whom they can get instruction in religious matters."

When on the next Tuesday evening Horton appeared at Workingmen's Hall, he addressed the assembly with the same quiet earnestness which always characterized him.

At the close of his address he read the above extract from the Signal, and said:

"This has been handed to me with a request that I deny it. I cannot deny it, for it is true. I did serve something more than six months in the Colorado penitentiary. I was not guilty, however, and I was pardoned on the ground of my innocence. I do not care further to go into this matter."

"What was your number at the penitentiary?" called out a voice at the back of the hall.

There were some cries of "Put him out!" and "Order!" but Horton raised his hand and said, quietly, "I was number 3708."

"I guess you won't put me out—not right now," said the man who had asked the question, pushing his way toward the platform. "I've got a few words to say, myself."

He was attempting to talk from the floor in front of the platform when cries of "Platform! Platform!" stopped him. Mounting the platform, he said: "For four years I've been hunting the man that was No. 3708 in the Colorado penitentiary. For he went there on my account. It was this way: I was in a saloon drinking. I got into a quarrel. The man I was quarreling with reached for a gun. I shot him. It was a question of kill him or get killed. Still, I'm sorry I ever killed a man. But it isn't on my own account I'm here. I've hunted four years for No. 3708. I just got here to-night, on my way home. I heard Frank Horton was to speak, and I used to know him. He was an old friend of mine. If he was No. 3708 he served time for me—trying to shield me. I saw somebody come into the saloon while I was having the quarrel, but I didn't see who it was. I suppose he recognized me. I ran away, not because I was afraid of a trial, but because I was afraid of being lynched by the Buck Brady gang. They were running that town then, and the man I shot was one of them. When Frank Horton let them fix the shooting on him rather than tell on me, he took chances on his life, and pretty long chances. When he let them send him to the penitentiary without saying a word—for I heard how the man acted though I couldn't find out who he was—it amounted to his giving up his life for me. I reckon that's

about as much as one man can do for another. I didn't hear for several months that some man had been convicted and sent up for the shooting that I'd done. As soon as I did hear it I went to the governor of the State, told him the facts and surrendered myself. When the authorities investigated the matter they were satisfied that I acted in self-defense, and turned me loose without a trial. The governor had pardoned the man that was sent up in my place, and the man had disappeared. I ought to have recognized the description I got of him; but I never thought of Frank Horton being in the west. I thought all the time it must be somebody I'd met up with out there. Now you have the facts about Frank Horton being in the penitentiary."

A ripple of applause went over the audience, after which Dick added: "My name is Briggs. I live here in Ohio—up at E——. I'm not posing as a bad man. I don't carry a gun or drink whisky any more. But if anybody ever refers to Frank Horton as an ex-convict in my presence—there'll something happen."

This was the first time Dick Briggs had ever attempted to address an audience. His manner was free from any attempt at oratorical effect, but his evident sincerity and earnestness took the place of eloquence, if indeed it was not eloquence. There was nothing boastful or belligerent in his words or man-

ner; but when he said, "there'll something happen," every person who heard him believed him.

Again there was applause, followed by cries of "Horton!" "Horton!" which were kept up till the entire audience seemed to be yelling for Horton.

When Horton finally stepped forward he was given a reception which would have made glad the heart of a politician. He stood there for full two minutes, waiting for the handclapping and cheers to subside. Then he raised his hand in token of silence, and when he could make himself heard, said:

"My friends, what my friend Briggs has told you is the truth; only he attaches an undue weight to my action. The fact is, my life at that time was unimportant and not valuable. Besides, my action resulted in what was probably as great a benefit to me as to him, so we are even on that score. And now let us drop the matter. The editor of the Signal was only trying to warn its readers against being led astray by what he regards as false doctrines."

It was all well enough for Horton to talk of dropping the matter; but the newspapers got hold of it. Some of them soon revived the story of his rescue in the runaway by Dick Briggs, and gave that as a reason for Horton's action in letting himself be sent to the penitentiary. For a while both Horton and Dick were given much more notoriety than they wanted. The matter quieted down, however, after a time; but

Horton's audiences for some time showed a disposition to lionize him as a man who had offered his life for a friend.

Although he was not again directly attacked as being an ex-convict, his heretical addresses drew forth much adverse comment from orthodox periodicals. He was charged with blasphemy. One paper stated that he claimed to be equal to God. Another contained a scathing editorial on the disorganizing tendencies of his addresses, and urged all church members to avoid his meetings as they would a pestilence.

The preachers began to notice him in their sermons. What seemed most to disturb them was that a man who had not taken a course at any theological institution should presume to talk to the people about God and about spirituality.

To all suggestions that he answer his critics Horton turned a deaf ear. He kept on in the even tenor of his way; and still the people went to hear him. He did once say in the course of an address:

"Each of us is constructed differently from all others. Each person is unique. What is true to me is not necessarily true to you. It is well for us as we go along, I think, to bear in mind that no one of us has a monopoly on God, or on the truth."

He was not at all disturbed by what was said of him. He felt that by his mistaken actions he had

made his own schooling much more severe than it need have been. Still, he dismissed all regrets for the past as useless, and lived in perfect peace of mind, fully believing and acting on the statement contained in Corinne's telegram: "The present and the future are enough."

Besides many requests for lectures and addresses, Horton received a large mail from people he had never met, the sentiments of the writers ranging from warm admiration and indorsement to bitter denunciation. Letters of the former class were signed with the names of the writers; those of the other kind were usually signed only with initials or were wholly anonymous.

Occasionally Horton replied through the columns of the Gazette to a communication seeming to call for such treatment. Here is a single example:

"To the Gazette: In a published account of a lecture delivered by the editor of the Gazette I notice he seems to hold that neither a man's belief nor his conduct makes any difference to God; in other words. that God does not care what a man believes or disbelieves, what he does or fails to do.

"Is such teaching as this defensible from any point of view? Is it not demoralizing in its tendency?

"H. M. W."

The Gazette published the letter with the following reply:

“While what our correspondent refers to as a lecture was in fact an informal talk, it expressed, as far as it went, what the editor regards as the truth; and we do not believe the truth on any subject to be either indefensible or demoralizing. Man’s belief and his conduct affect himself, and may affect other persons; they do not affect God.

“We think there is no subject more sacred than man; for every man has in him something of God, and is in that sense a part of God. Still, we think it is the height of presumption in man to imagine that his belief or lack of belief, or even his conduct, can excite the admiration or arouse the wrath of the Infinite.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

In the month of May there was a double wedding at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Roberts, on which occasion their daughter Corinne became Mrs. Frank Horton, and John W. Darrell and Maude Briggs became man and wife, the Rev. David Winter being the officiating clergyman. This programme had been agreed upon after sundry conferences and consultations among the interested parties.

As this was several years ago, any attempted description of the dress or appearance of the brides or bridegrooms would be very much out of date. They seemed to be satisfied with each other; and that being the case, we and the rest of the world ought to be satisfied also.

Frank Horton is still editor of the Gazette, and has many more calls made on him for lectures and addresses than he can fill. He and his wife pass a part of every summer at the ranch in New Mexico. There is a youngster four years of age who makes his home with them. Corinne insisted on giving him

the name of Frank; and when a middle name was being talked of, John Darrell suggested that it ought to be Young. The suggestion was adopted, but it had one unlooked-for result, that of reversing the order of the lad's given names. He is universally spoken of as Young Frank Horton, and even his parents have fallen into the way of calling him Young instead of Frank.

From the time of their first summer spent at the ranch Corinne rivaled—if, indeed, she did not supersede—her husband in popularity with the cow-boys. She seemed intuitively to understand them; and her liking for them on account of the way they treated her husband prompted her to try to make them always feel at home when they called. They think there is no woman like “Young’s wife—Mrs. Horton”; for while they always address her as Mrs. Horton, they steadily refuse to call her husband anything but Young. Horton takes this good-naturedly and answers to the name of Young while at the ranch. One of the cow-boys once remarked when speaking of the matter: “We don’t care what his name is in the States; Young’s good enough for us.” Still, when speaking among themselves, they always refer to Corinne as “Young’s wife—Mrs. Horton.”

The first summer of their stay at the ranch Horton found it necessary to build an addition to his cabin to accommodate his guests, not only from the east but

from the surrounding country; for the people of that section of the country showed a disposition to make the ranch a favorite visiting place.

On arriving at the ranch the second summer after their marriage, Horton and his wife found set up in the sitting-room a new piano.

Upon inquiry, Ned Long stated that a few days before Bill Doolin and two or three other men had appeared there with the piano on a wagon, and asked if they might store it in the house till they called for it.

When later Horton spoke to Doolin about it, the latter gravely asserted that it was a great accommodation to him and others, not specified, to be allowed to store the instrument there; that of course they'd take it away any time it was in the road; but in the meantime they wanted Mrs. Horton to make use of it. Since then hardly a day passes, when Horton and his wife are at the ranch, without a visit from cow-boys, who always want to hear Mrs. Horton play and sing, and who are always gratified. They freely express the opinion that it beats the music at any show they ever attended.

When Young Frank Horton was three years old some cowboys appeared at the ranch one day, leading a Shetland pony a little bigger than a good-sized sheep, having on it a bridle and miniature cow-boy's

saddle of the finest make. To the pommel of the saddle was hung a small horse-hair lariat.

"This is for Young Horton," said the spokesman, presenting the pony to Horton.

"Say, boys!" replied Horton, "aren't you piling this on a little thick?"

"That's all right, Young," said the spokesman. "You're gettin' to be a pretty old man, yourself. We're expectin' to have the kid with us when you're gone!"

With which reassuring statement Horton was compelled to accept the gift on behalf of his son.

John Darrell and his wife have two children, both of whom, their father says, have their mother's temper. It doesn't seem to be a very bad sort of temper, however, for a happier family than they all make together would be hard to find. It is a time of especial jubilation with them all when they go to New Mexico to spend a month or two at Uncle Frank's ranch. There Maude Darrell is looked upon as the second best pianist and singer America has produced, "Young's wife—Mrs. Horton" being regarded as the prima donna.

Darrell's doubts on matters touching religion have long since disappeared. He is happy and contented in what his friend and teacher, Frank Horton, terms the larger faith. He and his friend North are two of the pillars in the independent church of the Rev.

David Winter. After meeting for a year or two in the theater, this congregation erected a building of their own. The church, though large, was not a very costly one; and it was fully paid for before the first service was held in it. They still persist in the unorthodox practice of taking up no collections at their services; and yet they seem to prosper.

The Gazette has for business manager Mr. Richard T. Briggs. Though not quite so belligerent as formerly, Dick is still ready to "strike where wrong defies." He has lost something of his youthful impetuosity, but none of his loyalty. He is a bachelor, and doesn't know which he likes best, Maude's children or Young Horton. They all call him Uncle Dick, and think almost as much of him as of their parents.

Bob Thompson still fills his office of Bishop with dignity, and, it is believed, with much benefit to the people of his diocese. It has become customary among the cow-boys and cattlemen to refer to him for adjudication many disputes which formerly were settled in another way; and in deciding the matters submitted to him, often nice and difficult questions, he has shown such fairness, sagacity and rare common sense that his word has come to be authority. Any disposition to oppose what the Bishop says is promptly frowned down. Bill Doolin, Sam McChesney and other leading lights among the cow-boys are staunch

supporters of Bishop Bob's ecclesiastical authority; and when on rare occasions it is questioned, Sam gets to smiling too blandly for the comfort of any would-be recalcitrants.

Even the reader would not recognize Ned Long. Seeing that erect carriage, gazing into those clear eyes, it would be hard to believe that he had ever in his life been afraid. Rumor says he makes frequent trips to the house of a ranchman twenty miles distant. The ranchman, by the way, has a nineteen-year-old daughter who plays on the piano and sings.

If Whitefoot were the favorite saddle-horse of a millionaire he could not be given more care and attention than Ned bestows on him. Once, after returning from a visit to the ranchman's house, Ned, as he patted the horse's glossy neck, might have been heard to say to him: "It was you that got me into all this, old fellow!"

Before sleeping that night Ned wrote to Frank Horton an unusually long letter, which he mailed the next day.

Three days later there flashed westward over the wires the following message:

"TO EDWARD LONG, TRES PIEDRAS, NEW MEXICO:

"Hearty commendation. Letter. The one reality of life is love.

FRANK HORTON."

THE END.

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